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Erase—when Virtue's seated there.*

NEWCASTLE:

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P R E F A C E.

WHATEVER Histories or remarkable Events in Life can contribute to amuse the Youth of both Sexes, will at the same Time promote their Entertainment and improve their Reading. Things excellent in themselves, and useful in Life, cannot be too early inculcated in Youth; because the first Impressions made upon the Mind, will always continue the most permanent and stable.

The Editor, from these Considerations, was induced to collect the following Medley of historical, chronological, and moral Tracts, which will be found not only properly adapted to the Stage of early Years, but also tend greatly to the Improvement of a Boy's Stile, and to the advancing and strengthening his Ideas of the Purity of the English Language.

In this Collection the Reader will find no Narrative on trifling, frivolous, or idle Subjects; no immoral Tale, or ridiculous Fiction; but such Matter only as may diffuse Sentiments of Virtue and Humanity, enrich the Understanding, and regulate the Actions, Passions, and Affections.



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(2)

Select Stories, &c.

Memors of a French Nobleman, relating to his Discovery of his Children.

THE silent whispers of Nature have
Had a marvellous power, even when
the cause hath been unknown.

There are several examples in story
of tender friendships formed betwixt men, who
knew not of their near relations. Such ac-
counts confirm me in an opinion I have long
entertained, that there is a sympathy betwixt
souls, which cannot be explained by the pre-
judice of education, the sense of duty, or any
other human motive.

The memoirs of a certain French Noble-
man, which now lie before me, furnish me
with a very entertaining instance of this secret
attraction, implanted by Providence in the hu-
man soul. It will be necessary to inform the
reader, that the person whose story I am going
to relate, was one whose roving and romantic
temper, joined to a disposition singularly am-
orous, had led him through a vast variety of
gallantry and amours. He had, in his youth,
attended a Princess of France into Poland,
where he had been entertained by the King
her husband, and married the daughter of a
Grandee. Upon her death, he returned into
his native country, where his intrigues and

other misfortunes having consumed his paternal estate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceased wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warsaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met the following adventure; which I shall relate in his own words.

“ I had been in this condition for four days, when the Countess of Venoski passed that way. She was informed that a stranger of good fashion lay sick, and her charity led her to see me. I remembered her, for I had often seen her with my wife, to whom she was nearly related; but when I found she knew not me, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German, that I had been robbed; and if she had the charity to send me to Warsaw, the Queen would acknowledge it, I having the honour to be known to her Majesty. The Countess had the goodness to take compassion of me; and ordering me to be put in a litter, carried me to Warsaw, where I was lodged in her house till my health should allow me to wait upon the Queen.

“ My fever increased, after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. When the Countess first saw me, she had a young Lady with her about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better shaped than the Polish women generally are. She was very fair, her skin exceeding fine, and her air and shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was not so sick as to overlook this young beauty; and I felt in my heart such emotions

the first view, as made me fear that all my misfortunes had not armed me sufficiently against the charms of the fair sex. The amiable creature seemed afflicted at my sickness; and she appeared to have so much concern and care for me, as raised in me a greater inclination and tenderness for her. She came every day into my chamber, to enquire after my health; I asked who she was, and I was answered, that she was niece to the Countess of Venoski.

"I verily believe, that the constant sight of this charming maid, and the pleasure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines the physicians gave me. In short, my fever left me, and I had the satisfaction to see the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. She came to see me oftener as I grew better; and I already felt a stronger and more tender affection for her than I ever bore to any in my life; when I began to perceive that her constant care of me was only a blind, to give her an opportunity of seeing a young Pole, whom I took to be her lover. He seemed to be much about her own age; of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely shaped. Every time she came to see me, the young gentleman came to find her out; and they usually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they seemed to converse with great earnestness. The aspect of the youth pleased me wonderfully; and if I had not suspected that he was my rival, I should have taken delight in his person and friendship.

" They both of them often asked if I were in reality a German : which, when I continued to affirm, they seemed very much troubled.—One day I took notice the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture ; and that every now and then they cast their eyes upon me, as if they had found some resemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to ask the meaning of it : Upon which the lady answered, that if I had been a Frenchman, she should have imagined that I was the person for whom the picture was drawn, because it so exactly resembled me. I desired to see it. But how great was my surprize, when I found it to be the very painting, which I had sent to the Queen five years before, and which she commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children. After I had viewed the piece, I cast my eyes upon the young lady, and then upon the gentleman I had thought to be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a secret emotion, which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young persons some of my own features ; and at that moment I said to myself, *are not these my children ?* The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them ; but constraining myself with pain, I asked whose picture it was ? The maid perceiving I could not speak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears absolutely confirmed me in my opinion ; and falling upon her neck : *Oh ! my dear child,* said I, *yes, I am your father.* I could say no more. The youth

youth seized my hands at the time, and kissing, bathed them with his tears. Throughout my life, I never felt a joy equal to this; and it must be owned, that Nature inspires more lively emotions, and pleasing tenderness, than the passions can possibly excite."

FABLE of a DROP of WATER.

AS arrogance, and a conceitedness of our own abilities, are very shocking and offensive to men of sense and virtue, we may be sure they are highly displeasing to that being, who delights in an humble mind; and by several of his dispensations seems purposely to shew us, that our own schemes of prudence have no share in our advancements.

This is beautifully illustrated in this little Persian fable: A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid water, broke out into the following reflection:—"Alas! what an inconsiderable creature am I in this prodigious ocean of waters; my existence is of no concern to the universe, I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am less than the least of the works of God." It so happened, that an oyster, which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up; in the midst of this its humble soliloquy. The drop, says the fable, lay a great while hardening in the shell, till by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which falling into the

hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the Persian Diadem.

History of INKLE and YARICO.

MR Thomas Inkle, of London, aged 20 years, embarked in the Downs in the good ship called the Achilles, bound to the West-Indies, on the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandize. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil in his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions: The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others, went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives,

tives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him: After the first surprize, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American; the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of the European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and led him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers: Then open his bosom, and laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and beads. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her; so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moon-light, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and shew him where to lie down

down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters, and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and wake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress, how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were then tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound to Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market for the Indian and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive and careful what account he should be able to give

give his friends of his voyage. Upon which considerations, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbarian merchant, notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him: But he only made use of that information, to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.

ANDROcles, the Roman Slave.

ANDROcles was the slave of a noble Roman, who was Proconsul of Africk. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put him to death, had not he found an opportunity to escape out of his hands, and fled into the deserts of Numidia. As he was wandering among the barren sands, and almost dead with heat and hunger, he saw a cave in the side of a rock. He went into it, and finding at the further end of it a place to sit down upon, rested there for some time. At length, to his great surprize, a huge overgrown lion entered at the mouth of the cave, and seeing a man at the upper end of it, immediately made towards him. Androcles gave himself for gone; but the lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and with a complaining kind of voice, fell a licking his hand. Androcles, after having recovered himself a little from the fright he was in, observed the lion's paw to be exceedingly swelled by a large thorn that was in

it. He immediately pulled it out; and by squeezing the paw very gently, made a great deal of corrupt matter run out of it, which probably freed the lion from the great anguish he had felt some time before. The lion left him upon receiving this good office from him, and soon after returned with a fawn which he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off again in pursuit of his prey. Androcles, after having sodden the flesh of it by the sun, subsisted upon it till the lion had supplied him again. He lived many days in this frightful solitude, the lion catering for him with great assiduity. Being tired at length of this savage society, he was resolved to deliver himself up to his master's hands, and suffer the worst effects of his displeasure, rather than be thus driven out from mankind. His master, as was customary for the Proconsuls of Africa, was at that time getting together a present of all the largest lions that could be found in the country, in order to send them to Rome, that they might furnish out a shew for the Roman people. Upon this poor slave's surrendering himself into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to Rome, as soon as the lions were in readiness to be sent, and that for his crime he should be exposed to fight with one of the lions in the amphitheatre, as usual, for the diversion of the people. This was also performed accordingly. Androcles, after such a strange run of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre, amidst thousands of spectators, expecting every moment when his antagonist would come out

upon him. At length a huge monstrous Lion leaped out from where he had been kept hungry for the show. He advanced with great rage towards the man; but on a sudden, after having regarded him a little wistfully, fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the signs of blandishment and caress. Androcles, after a short pause, discovered that it was his old Numedian friend, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very surprising to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the lion to be given up into his possession. Androcles returned at Rome the civilities which he had received from him in the deserts of Africa.

Dion Cassius says, that he himself saw the man leading the lion about the streets of Rome, the people every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another, "This is the lion who was the man's host! This is the man who was the lion's physician!"

Humour and Generosity of the Duke of
MONTAGUE.

SOON after the conclusion of the late peace, the late Duke of Montague had observed, that a middle-aged man, in something like a military dress, of which the lace was much tarnished, and the cloth worn threadbare, appeared at a certain hour in the park, walking

walking to and fro in the Mall with a kind of mournful solemnity, or ruminating by himself on one of the benches, without taking any more notice of the gay crowd that was moving before him, than of so many crummers on an ant-hill, or atoms dancing in the sun.

This man the Duke singled out as likely to be a fit object for a frolic. He began therefore by making some enquiry concerning him, and soon learnt that he was an unfortunate poor creature, who having laid out his whole stock in the purchase of a commission, had behaved with great bravery in the war, in hopes of preferment; but upon the conclusion of the peace, had been reduced to starve upon half-pay. This the Duke thought a favourable circumstance for his purpose; but he learnt, upon farther enquiry, that the captain having a wife and several children, had been reduced to the necessity of sending them down into Yorkshire, where he constantly transmitted them one moiety of his half-pay, which would not sustain them nearer the metropolis, and reserved the other moiety to keep himself upon the spot, where he alone could hope for an opportunity of obtaining a more advantageous situation. These particulars afforded a new scope for the Duke's genius, and he immediately began his operations. After some time, when every thing had been prepared, he watched an opportunity as the captain was sitting alone, buried in his speculations on a bench, to send his gentleman to him with his compliments, and an invitation

to dinner the next day. The Duke having placed himself at a convenient distance, saw his messenger approach without being perceived, and began to speak without being heard; he saw his intended guest start at length from his reverie, like a man frightened out of a dream, and gaze with a foolish look of wonder and perplexity at the person that accosted him, without seeming to comprehend what he said, or believe his senses when it was repeated to him till he did. In short, he saw with infinite satisfaction all that could be expected in the looks, behaviour, and attitude of a man addressed in so abrupt and unaccountable a manner; and as the sport depended upon the man's sensibility, he discovered so much of that quality on striking the first stroke, that he promised himself success beyond his former hopes. He was told, however, that the captain returned thanks for the honour intended him, and would wait upon his Grace at the time appointed.

When he came, the Duke received him with particular marks of civility; and taking him aside with an air of secrecy and importance, told him that he had desired the favour of his company chiefly upon the account of a lady, who had long had a particular regard for him, and had expressed a great desire to be in his company, which her situation made it impossible for her to accomplish without the assistance of a friend: That having learned these particulars by accident, he had taken the liberty to bring them together; and added, that he thought such an act of civility, whatever might

be the opinion of the world, could be no imputation upon his honour. During this discourse, the Duke enjoyed the profound astonishment and various changes of confusion that appeared in the captain's face, who, after he had a little recovered himself, began a speech with great solemnity, in which the Duke perceived he was labouring to insinuate, in the best manner he could, that he doubted whether he was not imposed upon, and whether he ought not to resent it ; and therefore to put an end to his difficulties at once, the Duke laid his hand upon his breast, and very devoutly swore, that he told him nothing that he did not believe upon good evidence to be true.

When word was brought that dinner was served, the captain entered the dining-room with great curiosity and wonder ; but his wonder was unspeakably increased when he saw at the table his own wife and children. The Duke had begun his frolic by sending for them out of Yorkshire, and had as much, if not more, astonished the lady than he had her husband, to whom he took care she should have no opportunity to send a letter.

It is much more easy to conceive than to describe a meeting so sudden, unexpected, and extraordinary : It is sufficient to say, that it afforded the Duke the highest entertainment ; who, at length, with much difficulty, got the guests quietly seated at his table, and persuaded them to fall to without thinking either of yesterday or to-morrow. It happened, that soon
after

after dinner was over, word was brought to the Duke, that his lawyer attended by his Grace's order. The Duke, willing to have a short truce with the various enquiries of the captain about his family, ordered the lawyer to be introduced, who pulling out a deed that the Duke was to sign, was directed to read it, with an apology to the company for the interruption. The lawyer accordingly began to read, when to compleat the adventure and the confusion and astonishment of the poor captain and his wife, the deed appeared to be a settlement which the Duke had made upon them of a genteel sufficiency for life. Having gravely heard the instrument read, without appearing to take any notice of the emotion of his guests, he signed and sealed it, and delivered it into the captain's hand, desiring him to accept it without compliment; for, says he, I assure you it is the last thing I should have done, if I thought I could have employed my money or my time more to my satisfaction any other way.

A Story of a FRENCH DOG.

AT Dijon in France, in the year 1764, a man was broke on the wheel with no other proof to condemn him than that of a water spaniel; the circumstances attending it were singular and striking, and are related as follow:—A farmer, who had been to receive a sum of money, was way-laid, robbed and

murdered by two villains : The farmer's dog returned with all speed to the gentleman's house who had paid the money, and expressed such amazing anxiety for the gentleman to follow him, pulling him several times by the sleeve and skirt of his coat, that at length the gentleman submitted : The dog led him to the field, a little from the road side, where the body lay ; from thence the gentleman went to a public-house, in order to alarm the country : The moment he entered (as the villains were then drinking) the dog seized the murderer by the throat, and the other made his escape. This man lay in prison three months, during which time they visited him once a week with the dog ; and though they made him change his cloaths with other prisoners, and always stand in the midst of a croud, yet would the dog find him out, and always fly at him. On the day of trial, when the prisoner was at the bar, the dog was let loose into the Court-house, and in the midst of some hundreds he always found him out, (though dressed entirely in new cloaths) and would have tore him to pieces, had he been allowed : In consequence of which he was condemned, and at the place of execution confessed the fact.

BASILIVS and ALEXANDRINVS.

BASILIVS Valentinus was a person who had arrived at the utmost perfection in the hermetic art, and initiated his son Alexandrinus

in the same mysteries: But as you know they are not to be attained but by the painful, the pious, the chaste, and the pure of heart, Basilus did not open to him, because of his youth, and the deviations too natural to it, the greatest secrets of which he was master; as well knowing that the operation would fail in the hands of a man so liable to errors in life as Alexandrinus. But believing, from a certain indisposition of mind as well as body, his dissolution was drawing nigh, he called Alexandrinus to him; and as he lay on a couch, and prepared by sending out servants one after another, and admonition to examine that no one overheard them, he revealed the most important of his secrets with the solemnity and language of an adept.

My son, said he, many have been the watchings, long the lucubrations, constant the labours of thy father, not only to gain a great and plentiful estate to his posterity, but also to take care that he should have no posterity. Be not amazed, my child; I do not mean that thou shalt be taken from me, but that I will never leave thee, and consequently cannot be said to have posterity. Behold, my dearest Alexandrinus, the effect of what was propagated in nine months: We are not to contradict nature, but to follow and help her, just as long as an infant is in the womb of its parent, so long are these medicines of revivification in preparing. Observe this small phial and this little gally-pot, in this an unguent, in the other a liquor. In these, my child, are col-

lected such powers, as shall revive the springs of life when they are yet but just ceased, to give new strength, new spirits, and in a word, wholly restore all the organs and senses of the human body to as great a duration, as it had before enjoyed from its birth to the day of the application of these my medicines. But, care must be taken to apply them within ten hours after the breath is out of the body, while yet the clay is warm with its late life, and yet capable of resuscitation. I find my frame grown crazy with perpetual toil and meditation; and I conjure you, as soon as I am dead, to anoint me with this unguent; and when you see me begin to move, pour into my lips this inestimable liquor, else the force of the ointment will be ineffectual. By these means you will give me life as I have you, and we will from that hour mutually lay aside the eminence of having bestowed life on each other, but live as brethren, and prepare new medicines against such another period of time as will demand another application to the same restoratives.

In a few days after these wonderful ingredients were delivered to Alexandrinus, Basilus departed this life. But such was the pious sorrow of the son at the loss of so excellent a father, and the first transports of grief had wholly disabled him from all manner of business, that he never thought of the medicines till the time to which his father had limited their efficacy was expired. To tell the truth, Alexandrinus was a man of wit and pleasure, and considered his father had lived out his natural
time,

time, his life had been long and uniform, suitable to the regularity of it; but that himself, poor sinner, wanted a new life, to repent of a very bad one hitherto; and in the examination of his heart, resolved to go on as he did with this natural being of his, but repent very faithfully and spend very piously the life to which he should be restored by application of these rarities, when the time should come, to his own person.

It has been observed, that Providence frequently punishes that self-love of men, who would do immoderately for their own offspring, with children very much below their characters and qualifications; insomuch that they only transmit their names to be borne by those who give daily proofs of the vanity of the labour and ambition of their progenitors.

It happened thus in the family of Basilus; for Alexandrinus began to enjoy his ample fortune in all the extremities of household expence, furniture, &c. and this he pursued till he grew sensible, that the day of his own departure began to approach. As Basilus was punished with a son very unlike him, Alexandrinus was visited with one of his own disposition. It is natural that all men should be suspicious, and Alexandrinus, besides that jealousy, had proofs of the vicious disposition of his son Renatus, for that was his name.

Alexandrinus, as I observed, having very good reason for thinking it unsafe to trust the real secret of his phial and gally-pot to any man living, projected to make sure work, and
hope

hope for his success from the avarice, not the bounty of his benefactor.

With this thought he called Renatus to his bed-side, and bespoke him in the most pathetic gesture and accent. As much, my son, as you have been addicted to vanity and pleasure, as I also have been before you, you not I could not escape the same of the good effects of the profound knowledge of our progenitor, the renowned Basilus. His symbol is very well known in the philosophic world; and I shall never forget the venerable air of his countenance, when he let me into the profound mysteries of the smaragdine table of Hermes. It is true, said he, and far removed from all colour of deceit, that which is inferior is like that which is superior, by which are acquired and perfected all the miracles of a certain work. The father is the sun, the mother the moon, the wind is the womb, the earth is the nurse of it, and mother of all perfection. All this must be received with modesty and wisdom. The chymical people carry in all their jargon a whimsical sort of piety, which is ordinary wit; great lovers of money, and is no more but deceiving themselves, that their regularity and strictness of manners for the ends of this world, has some affinity to the innocence of heart which must recommend them to the next. Renatus wondered to hear his father talk so like an adept, and with such a mixture of piety; while Alexandrinus observing his attention fixed, proceeded: This phial, child, and this little earthen pot, will add to thy

estate so much, as to make thee the richest man in the German empire. I am going to my last home, but shall not return to common dust. Then he resumed a countenance of alacrity, and told him, that if within an hour after his death he anointed his body, and poured down his throat that liquor which he had from old Basilus, the corpse would be converted into pure gold.

I will not pretend to express to you the unfeigned tenderneſſes that paſſed between theſe two extraordinary perſons; but if the father recommended the care of his remains with vehemence and affection, the ſon was not behind-hand in profeſſing that he would not cut the leaſt bit of him, but upon the utmoſt extremity, or to provide for his younger brothers and ſiſters.

Well, Alexandrinus died, and the heir of his body (as our term is) could not forbear, in the wantonneſs of his heart, to meaſure the length and breadth of his beloved father, and caſt up the enſuing value of him before he proceeded to operation. When he knew the immense reward of his pains, he began the work: But lo! when he had anointed the corpeſe all over, and began to apply the liquor, the body ſtirred, and Renatus, in a ſight, broke the phial.

CHREMYLUS

CHREMYLUS and PLUTUS: *An Allegory.*

CHREMYLUS, who was an old and a good man, and withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son, consults the Oracle of Apollo upon the subject. The Oracle bids him follow the first man he should see upon his going out of the temple. The person he chanced to see was to appearance an old, sordid, blind man; but upon his following him from place to place, he at last found by his own confession, that he was Plutus, the God of Riches, and that he was just come out of the house of a miser. Plutus further told him, that when he was a boy, he used to declare, that as soon as he came to age, he would distribute wealth to none but virtuous and just men: Upon which Jupiter, considering the pernicious consequences of such a resolution, took his sight away from him, and left him to stroll about the world in the blind condition wherein Chremylus beheld him. With much ado Chremylus prevailed upon him to go to his house, where he met with an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his guest for many years, and whose name was Poverty. The old woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatened to banish her, not only from his own house, but out of all Greece, if she made any more words about the matter. Poverty on this occasion pleads her cause very notably, and represents to her old landlord, that should she be driven out of the country, all their trades,

trades, arts, and sciences would be driven out with her; and that if every one was rich, they would never be supplied with those pomps, ornaments, and conveniences of life, which made riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several advantages which she bestowed upon her votaries, in regard to their shape, their health, and their activity, by preserving them from gouts, dropsies, unwieldiness, and intemperance. But whatever she had to say for herself, she was at last forced to troop off. Chremylus immediately considered how he might restore Plutus to his sight; and in order to it, conveyed him to the Temple of Esculapius, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means the deity recovered his eyes, and began to make a right use of them, by enriching every one that was distinguished by piety towards the gods, and justice towards men; and at the same time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeserving. This produces several merry incidents, till in the last act, Mercury descends with great complaints from the gods, that since the good men were grown rich, they had received no sacrifices, which is confirmed by a priest of Jupiter, who enters with a remonstrance, that since the late innovations, he was reduced to a starving condition, and could not live upon his office. Chremylus, who in the beginning of the allegory, was religious in his poverty, concludes it with a proposal which was relished by all the good men, who were now grown rich as well as himself, that they should

carry

carry Plutus in a solemn procession to the temple, and install him in the place of Jupiter. This allegory instructed the Athenians in two points; first, as it vindicated the conduct of Providence in its ordinary distributions of wealth; and in the next place, as it shewed the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of those who possessed them.

A Dervise and the King of Tartary.

A Dervise, travelling through Tartary, being arrived at the town of Balk, went into the King's palace by a mistake, as thinking it to be a public inn or caravansera. Having looked about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it, after the manner of the eastern nations. He had not been long in this posture before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place? The Dervise told them he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravansera. The guards let him know in a very angry manner, that the house he was in, was not a caravansera, but the King's palace. It happened that the King himself passed thro' the gallery during the debate, and smiling at the mistake of the Dervise, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravansera? Sir, said the Dervise, give me leave to ask your Majesty a question

question or two. Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built? The King replied, his ancestors. And who, says the Dervise, was the last person that lodged here? The King replied, his father. And who is it, says the Dervise, that lodges here at present? The King told him, that it was he himself. And who, says the Dervise, will be here after you? The King answered, the young Prince his son. 'Ah, Sir, said the Dervise, a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace, but a caravansera.'

Caravanseras are houses built for the reception of travellers, who have the liberty of lodging and dressing their provisions in them gratis. They are frequent in Turkey, Persia, and other eastern countries.

LE FEVER; or, The affecting History of an Army Lieutenant.

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, which was about seven years before my father came into the country, and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe—when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small side-board, the landlord of

a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack; it is for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast.—*I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*

—If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy such a thing, added the landlord,---I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill---I hope in God he will still mend, continued he;—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby, and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself—and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to half a dozen more, if they will do him any good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—Trim—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short time should win so much upon the affections of his host;—and of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle Toby,—do Trim—and ask if he knows his name.—I have quite forgot it truly, said the landlord, coming back
into

into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again.—Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:—He has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took them away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby.—Trim, said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and smoaked about a dozen whiffs.—Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow;—my uncle Toby smoaked on, and said no more.—Corporal, said my uncle Toby;—the corporal made his bow.—My uncle Toby proceeded no further, but lighted his pipe.

Trim, said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.—

Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on since the night your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St Nicholas;—and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure and
C 2 — weather,

weather, it will be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in the groin.——I fear so, replied my uncle Toby, but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.——I wish I had not known so much of this affair, added my uncle Toby;—or that I had known more of it:—How shall we manage it? Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;—I will take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.——Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here is a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.——I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe, and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the Tenaile, a straight line, as a crooked one;—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fever and his boy, the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account: no bad news, said the corporal.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant.——Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby.——He is, said the corporal.——And

in what regiment? said my uncle Toby. — I will tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forward as I learnt it. — Then, Trim, I will fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. — The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it, — “your honour is good:” — And having done that, he sat down as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again, in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked, — that is a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby — I was answered, an’t please your honour, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came. — If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, we can hire horses from hence. — But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlord to me, for I heard the death-watch all night long; — and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him, for he is broken hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;---but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.-----Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down by the fire, whilst I did it.-----I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.-----I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.-----The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.-----Poor youth, said my uncle Toby, he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;---I wish I had him here.

-----I never in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:---What could be the matter with me an't please your honour?---Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose,---but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it proper to tell him I was Capt. Shandy's servant, and that your honour, though a stranger, was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar,---(and thou mightest have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby) he was heartily welcome to it.---He made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour)

nour) but no answer, for his heart was full;--- so he went up stairs with the toast;--- I warrant you my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again.--- Mr Yorick's curate was smoaking a pipe at the kitchen fire,---but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth.-----I thought it was wrong, added the corporal.-----I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.-----I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,---for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side; and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr Trim, never said your prayers at all.-----I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.-----Are you sure of it, replied the curate?-----A soldier, an't please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of their own accord) as a parson;---and when he is fighting for his king, and his own life, and his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.-----It was well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.-----But when a soldier, said I, an't please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up
to

to his knees in cold water ;---or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches ;---harassed perhaps in his rear to-day ;---harassing others to-morrow ;---detached here ;---countermanded there ;---resting this night upon his arms ;---beat up in his shirt the next ;---benumbed in his joints ;---perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on ;---must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.-----I believe, said I,--for I was a little piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army---I believe, an't please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,--he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his suds and hypocrisy.-----Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby,--for God only knows who is an hypocrite, and who is not :---At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, and not till then,--it will be seen who has done their duties in this world, and who has not ; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.-----I hope we shall, said Trim.-----It is in the scripture, said my uncle Toby, and I will shew it thee to-morrow.---In the mean time, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby,--that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,--it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.-----I hope not, said the corporal.-----But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

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When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,---he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it :---the youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling ;---the book was then laid upon the bed,---and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.-----

Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant, *let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant,*

He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked close up to his bed-side.-----If you are Capt. Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them; for his courtesy to me ;---if he was of Leven's, said the lieutenant ;---I told him your honour was,---then said he, I served with him three campaigns in Flanders, and remember him ;---but it is most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.-----You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligation to him, is one Le Fever, a lieutenant in Angus's---but he knows me not,---said he, a second time, musing ;---possibly he may my story,---added he, pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed by a musquet shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.-----

I remember the story, said I, an't please your honour, very well.——Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,---then well may I.——In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice.——Here Billy, said he;---the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knees, took the ring in his hand and kissed it too, and sat down upon the bed and wept.——

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned; shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?---Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;---and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, I have forgot what, was universally pitied by the whole regiment; but finish the story thou art upon.——

It is finished already, said the corporal, for I could stay no longer, so wished his honour a good night:---Young Le Fever rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders.——

But alas! said the corporal, the lieutenant's last day's march is over.——Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

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It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,---though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in between a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way to turn themselves.----- That notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed their's on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner;---that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgement upon the counterescarp; and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn, and except that he ordered his garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade, and left Dendermond to itself,---to be relieved or not by the French King, as the French King thought good; and only thought how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

----- That kind being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompence thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,---and I will tell thee in what, Trim.----- In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fever,---as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowst he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay,---that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because had he stood in
need,

need, thou knowst, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.——Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders.——True, quoth my uncle Toby,---thou didst very right as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,---when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house,---thou shouldst have offered him my house too;---a sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim, and if we had him with us,---we could tend and look to him.——Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim,---and what with thy care of him, the old woman's and the boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.——

In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling,---he might march.——He will never march, an't please your honour, in this world, said the corporal.——He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off.——An't please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave.——He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,---he shall march to his regiment.——He cannot stand it, said the corporal.——He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.——He will drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?---He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.——A well-a-day, do what we can for him, said

Trim, maintaining his point,---the poor soul will die:-----He shall not die, by G---, said my uncle Toby.

---The accusing spirit which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in,---and the recording angel as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.-----

My uncle Toby went to his bureau,---put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician---he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village, but Le Fever's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eye-lids,---and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,---when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair, by the bed-side, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,---how he had rested in the night,---what was his complaint,---where was his pain,---and what he could do to help him: ---And without giving him time to answer any one of his enquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

---You shall go home directly, Le Fever, said my uncle Toby, to my house,---and we will send for a doctor to see what is the mat-

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ter,

ter,---and we will have an apothecary,---and the corporal shall be your nurse, and I will be your servant, Le Fever.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,---not the effect of familiarity,---but the cause of it,---which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature ; to this there was something in his looks, voice, and manner superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him ; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed close up to his knees, and had taken hold of the front of his coat, and was pulling it towards him ;---the blood and spirits of Le Fever, which were waxen cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back, the film forsook his eyes for a moment,---he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face,---then cast a look upon his boy, and the ligament, fine as it was,---was never broken.

Nature instantly ebbed again,---the film returned to its place---the pulse fluttered---stopped---went on---throbbed---stopped again---moved---stopped---shall I go on?---No.

MARIA: *An affecting Narrative.*

PART I.

THEY were the sweetest notes I ever heard ; and I instantly let down the fore-glass,

glass, to hear them more distinctly.—It is Maria, said the postillion, observing I was listening—Poor Maria, continued he (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us) is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent, and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow I would give him a four-and-twenty sous piece, when I got to Moulines—

—And who is poor Maria? said I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us, said the postillion—it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick witted, and amiable a maid; and a better fate did Maria deserve, than to have her banns forbid by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them—

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again—they were the same notes;—yet were ten times sweeter; it is the evening service to the virgin, said the young man—but who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that service upon it both night and day.

The postillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could

not help decyphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor Maria's taken possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting; she was in a tain white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a fine olive leave twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ach, it was the moment I saw her—

—God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postillion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around for her,—but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postillion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wishfully for some time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and so on alternately—

—Well, Maria, said I, softly—What resemblance do you find?

I do intreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a beast man is,—that I asked the question; and

and that I would not have let fallen an unreasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of misery, to be entitled to all the wit that even Rabelais scattered.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor helpless damsel!—some time, but not now, I may hear thy sorrow from thy own lips—but I was deceived, for that moment she took her pipe, and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walked softly to my chaise.

P A R T II.

WHEN we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bade the postillion go on with the chaise to Moulines—and La Fleur to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net. She had superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale green ribband, which fell across her shoulder to her waist, at the end of which hung her pipe. Her goat had been as faithless as her lover, and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, she drew
him

him towards her with the string.—“Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio,” said she. I looked in Maria’s eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover, or her little goat; for as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her, and Maria let me wipe them away, as they fell, with her handkerchief.—I then steeped it in my own—and then in her’s—and then in mine—and then I wiped her’s again—and as I did it—I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul, nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me of the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man, who sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that ill as she was, she was sure the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket to restore it to him, in case she should ever see him again; which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up nearly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril

—on opening it, I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St Peter's once—and returned back—that she found her way one across the Appenines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the stony roads of Savoy without shoes—how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but God tempers the wind, said Maria, to the shorn lamb.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, said I; and walt thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee; thou shouldst eat of my bread, and drink of my own cup.—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back—when the sun went down I would say my prayers, and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe, nor would the incense of thy sacrifice be worse accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream. And where will you dry it, Maria? said I.—I will dry it in my bosom, said she—is will do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all
her

her sorrows—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face, and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe and played her service to the virgin.—The string I had touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? said I.—She said, to Moulines.—Let us go, said I, together.—Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we had got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look, and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly—still she was feminine—and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in women, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should not only eat of my bread, and drink of my cup, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden! imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journieth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever.

The PRUDENT WIFE: A True Story.

IN the libidinous reign of King Charles II. there was a young lady named Isabella, who was one of the maids of honour to the Duchess of York, that drew the attention of the whole court upon her; she was the reigning toast of that gallant age, and equally admired by the men of pleasure, and men of wit; with her beauty she was strictly modest; with her wit she was prudent and good-natured. Among her numerous train of admirers, none seemed so agreeable and deserving her esteem, as the young Viscount Belmour, who, incapable of any base designs, even when such designs were thought rather an honour than a reflection, gave such assurances of his love, that Isabella easily surrendered her heart. Isabella's aunt, who was her guardian, readily consented to the match, and the nuptials were celebrated with mutual joy. As this marriage was not made up by treaty, but free choice and inclinations, they did not fall into that modish coldness and complaisant indifference people of fashion are so apt to do. The Viscount was a man of unusual sweetness and affability of temper, which, when joined to that of Isabella's, must necessarily make him happy with his wife; yet this happiness of temper drew him into some misfortunes; his easiness and credulity of the generosity and openness of some companions, had like to have lessened his domestic felicity, had not Isabella's discretion prevented it. My Lord had contracted a most intimate acquaintance

acquaintance with one Mr Horneck, a man of a pleasant conversation, had a pretty knack of telling a story, sung agreeably, was an arch mimic; and, in short, a humorous companion. Such was his public character; but this was only a mask to conceal the tricking gamester, and the designing pander. To render himself more powerful with men of quality, he made himself instrumental to their follies or their vices, and was never without some new face to engage his acquaintance. Viscount Belmour was not inclined to any of these vices that Horneck was procurer of; yet this wretch had cunning enough to draw him into all: With drinking, his health soon began to impair; with losses, his temper was often soured; with wenching, that fondness and cordial love he was used to shew to his lady, began to cease. Isabella was not a little alarmed at this conduct; she was too well informed of his vices, yet prudently thought, that any violent opposition would but heighten the mischief; on the contrary, she took care to make home as easy to him as possible; studious to oblige him, she never disgusted him with harsh reproaches, or satirical reflections on his conduct; neither, though careful to please him, did she run into an extreme of fondness; she was not fond when she thought it would be disagreeable; for she knew that a wife without discretion may make the tenderest endearments the most troublesome. Isabella was gay or fond, as she found my Lord in the temper to receive either; and without letting him know she had an informa-

tion of his gaming abroad, would propose cards or hazard at home, with such company as she thought would please him ; and never forgot to include Mr Horneck among them.

Sometimes her proposal was accepted, and by that means found out the sharper, the pander, the flatterer, and the villain, in Mr Horneck.

Luckily for this discreet lady it happened, that, at the same time, Florella, a beautiful lady, who had married my Lord's brother, was extremely uneasy by her jealousy ; for, being certainly informed of her husband's keeping a woman of the town, and, at the same time being ruined by sharpers at gaming, Florella came one day to my Lord to complain of his brother's conduct, and falshood to her bed : She cried, she raved, she threatened to live not a moment longer with him. My Lord did what he could to pacify her, but all in vain ; my Lady succeeded better, who taking this opportunity to shew my Lord his own foibles, thus addrest herself to her sister :—" I fancy, dear sister, said she, you want only a little prudential good-humour to reclaim your husband ; beauty and wit will not avail without discretion. There is a passive kind of virtue necessary to shew him his follies ; it must not be done with ill-nature and constant reproaches on his conduct, which, I am afraid, is your method. If my Lord Belmour was guilty of the same follies, (which I dare affirm he never will) I should myself act as I advise you. You have beauty enough to please a husband ; have therefore

therefore an equal desire to do it ; be the more studious of his humour, as he is the more faulty in his conduct ; and let your affability shew his injustice in wronging you : Nor can you think this policy false, when the mistresses men visit, exert all their little arts to please them, and render their company agreeable ; and this for gain only, without honour, without conscience, and without love. Why then should not a virtuous woman shew as great a desire to please her husband, as the artful jilts do to please their gallants ? In short, make home entirely easy to him, and by endeavouring to fix his felicity, you will fix your own."

Florella was pleased with her advice ; my Lord approved it, and was secretly touched to the soul, for his transgressions against so incomparable a wife, who had acted what she spoke, and had more personal charms than the woman his false friend had introduced him to. When he had recollected himself, he proposed that his sister should bring her husband to dinner next day, and that his lady should repeat what she had already said, and he was assured it would have an excellent effect. It was agreed, but with this prudent condition of Lady Isabella, that her discourse should be directed to my Lord, to take off any suspicion, that her discourse was directed to his brother. The next day they met, and my Lord saw himself discreetly attacked by his Lady for his real faults, while she seemed to take them for imaginary. To what she had said before, she added some reflections on the ill choice men of quality

quality make of their acquaintance ; among whom are laughing buffoons, who lead them into all the vices of the age, under the false pretence of friendship ; at which words, looking at my Lord in the most tender manner, she concluded, “ These, my Lord, are wretched friends, who lead you into such evils ; on the contrary, the friendship between man and wife is cemented by virtue, love, and interest ; and cannot be dissolved without destroying the happiness of both. Let not then any false friend deceive you to your ruin ; I desire a continuance of your love only so long as I endeavour to deserve it.”—At these words my Lord, overcome with the soft reproach, flung himself about her neck ; and, amidst a thousand kisses, promised mutual love, and mutual happiness.—These transports were followed by the brother and his wife, who owned himself a convert to virtue and matrimonial love. Thus, what neither beauty nor wit could effect, prudence did ; their lives afterwards were prosperous, and their deaths happy.

The Generosity of a LORD CHANCELLOR.

A Living of 500l. per annum falling in the gift of a late Lord Chancellor ; the Premier recommended one of his friends as deserving it, whom his Lordship approved of ; in the interim, the curate, who had served the late incumbent many years, for 30l. per annum, came up with a petition signed by many of

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the inhabitants, testifying his good behaviour, and setting forth that he had a wife and seven children to maintain, and begging his Lordship would stand his friend, that he might be continued in the curacy; and in consideration of his large family, if he could prevail with the next incumbent to add 10l. a year, he should for ever pray for him. His Lordship promised to use his utmost endeavours to serve him.

The reverend gentleman for whom the living was designed, soon after going to pay his respects to his Lordship; my Lord told him the affair of the curate, with this difference only, that he should allow him 60l. a year instead of 30l. The parson in some confusion replied, that he was very sorry he could not grant his Lordship's request, for that he had promised the curacy to another, and could not go back from his word. How! said his Lordship, "have you promised the curacy before you was possessed of the living. Well, to keep your word with your friend, I will give him the curacy, but the living I assure you I will give to another;" and having so said, left him. The next day the poor curate, coming to know his destiny, his Lordship told him, that he had used his endeavours to serve him as to the curacy, but with no success, the reverend gentleman having disposed of it before. The curate, with a deep sigh, thanked his Lordship for his goodness, and was going to withdraw; when my Lord calling him back, said with a smile, "Well, my friend, it is true I have it not in my power to give you the curacy, but if you will

accept the living, it is at your service." It is not in the power of words to describe the curate's surprize and joy at this sudden turn in his favour; who, with the most moving expressions of gratitude, returned his Lordship thanks, whose goodness had in a moment raised him and his family from the most necessitous condition to ease and affluence: And my Lord, to complete his generosity, ordered his clerks to make out the diploma, without taking their customary fees.

An useful ESSAY on LAUGHTER.

THE famous Mr Hobbs, in his discourse upon Human Nature, after making curious observations upon laughter, concludes thus:—"The passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly; for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour."

According to this Author, therefore, when we hear a man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud. And indeed if we look into the bottom of this matter, we shall meet with many observations to confirm us in his opinion. Every one laughs at some body that is in an inferior state of folly to himself. It was formerly

merly the custom of every great house in England, to keep a tame fool dressed in petticoats, that the heirs of the family might have an opportunity of joking upon him, and diverting himself with his absurdities. For the same reason ideots are still in request in some of the courts of Germany, where there is not a Prince of any great magnificence, who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed fools in his retinue, whom the rest of his courtiers are always breaking their jests upon.

The Dutch, who are more famous for their industry and application, than for wit and humour, hang up in several of their streets what they call the sign of the gaper, that is, the head of an ideot dressed in a cap and bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner; this is a standing jest in Amsterdam.

Thus every one diverts himself with some person or other that is below him in point of understanding, and triumphs in the superiority of his genius, whilst he has such objects of derision before his eyes. Mr Dennis has very well expressed this in a couple of humorous lines, which are part of a translation of a satire on Monsieur Boileau.

*Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.*

Mr Hobb's reflection gives us the reason why the insignificant people above-mentioned are stirrers up of laughter among men of a gross taste; but as the more understanding part of mankind do not find their risibility affected by
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such ordinary objects, it may be worth our while to examine into the several provocatives of laughter in men of superior sense and knowledge.

In the first place, there is a set of merry drolls, whom the common people of all countries admire, and seem to love so well, that they could eat them, according to the old proverb ; I mean those circumferaneous wits, whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best. In Holland, they are termed Pickle Herrings ; in France, Jean Pottages ; in Italy, Maccaronies ; in Great-Britain, Jack-Puddings. These merry wags, from whatsoever food they receive their titles, that they may make their audiences laugh, always appear in a fool's coat, and commit such blunders and mistakes in every step they take, and every word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little triumph of the understanding under the disguise of laughter, is no where more visible than in that custom which prevails every where amongst us on the first day of April, where every body takes it into his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies discovered, so there is more laughter raised on this than on any other day in the whole year.

Thus we see in proportion as one man is more refined than another, he chuses his food out of a lower or higher class of mankind ; or to speak in a more philosophical language, that secret elation and pride of heart, which is

generally called laughter, arises in him from comparing himself with an object below him, whether it so happens that it be a natural or an artificial fool. When a man of wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some oddness or infirmity in his own character, or in the representation which he makes of others.

EUDOXUS and LEONTINE.

EUDOXUS and Leontine began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a court, where, by his natural endowments, and acquired abilities, he made his way from one post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. Leontine, on the contrary, sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interests of its Princes, with the customs and fashions of their courts; and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in the Gazette, whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixt and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished

plished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels, he kept up a punctual correspondence with Eudoxus, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about court, by the intelligence which he received from Leontine. When they were both turned of forty (an age in which, according to Mr Cowley, there is no dallying with life) they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both married much about the same time. Leontine, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of 300l. a year, which lay within the neighbourhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands. They were both of them fathers about the same time, Eudoxus having a son born to him, and Leontine a daughter; but to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife (in whom all his happiness was wrapped up) died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable, had he not been comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, Leontine, considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and Eudoxus reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children, namely, that the boy should be bred up with
Leontine

Leontine as his son, and that the girl should live with Eudoxus as his daughter, till they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of Leontine, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla, for that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father, where the title was only imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of Eudoxus, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect, that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of every thing which Leontine recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him,

him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the university to the inns of court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable proficient in the studies of the place, who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not Florio's case, he found that 300l. a year was but a poor estate for Leontine and himself to live upon, so that he studied without intermission till he gained a good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I should have told my reader, that, whilst Florio lived at the house of his foster-father, he was always an acceptable guest in the family of Eudoxus, where he became acquainted with Leonilla from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honour and virtue, became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greatest beauty, joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for Florio, but conducted herself with so much prudence, that she never gave him the least intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion.

sion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from Leontine, to repair to him into the country the next day. For it seems Eudoxus was so filled with the report of his son's reputation, that he could no longer with-hold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him, and wept. Florio was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in the neighbourhood, but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner:— I have no other way left of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father, by the discovery I have made to you. Leonilla too shall be still my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary, that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of, had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourself.

yourself. Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amidst a flood of tears, kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb shew those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude, that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half of Eudoxus's estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together; and received in the dutiful, affectionate behaviour of Florio and Leonilla, the just recompence, as well as the natural effects of that care, which they had bestowed upon them in their education.

EGINHART and IMMA.

EGINHART, who was Secretary to Charles the Great, became exceeding popular by his behaviour in that post. His great abilities gained him the favour of his master, and the esteem of the whole court. Imma, the daughter of the Emperor, was so pleased with his person and conversation, that she fell in love with him. As she was one of the greatest beauties of the age, Eginhart answered her with a more than equal return of passion. They stifled their flames for some time, under apprehensions of the fatal consequences that might ensue. Eginhart, at length, resolving to hazard all, rather than live deprived of one whom his heart was so much set upon, conveyed himself

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one night into the Princess's apartment, and knocking gently at the door, was admitted as a person who had something to communicate to her from the Emperor. He was with her in private most of the night; but, upon his preparing to go away about break of day, he observed there had fallen a great snow during his stay with the Princess. This very much perplexed him, lest the prints of his feet in the snow might make discoveries to the King, who often used to visit his daughter in the morning. He acquainted the Princess Imma with his fears; who, after some deliberations upon the matter, prevailed upon him to let her carry him through the snow upon her shoulders. It happened, that the Emperor, not being able to sleep, was at that time up and walking in his chamber, when upon looking through his window, he perceived his daughter tottering under her burden, and carrying his first minister across the snow; which she had no sooner done, but she returned again with the utmost speed to her own apartment. The Emperor was exceedingly troubled and astonished at this incident; but resolved to speak nothing of it till a proper opportunity. In the mean time Eginhart, knowing that what he had done could not be long a secret, determined to retire from court; and in order to it, begged the Emperor that he would be pleased to dismiss him, pretending a kind of discontent at his not having been rewarded for his long services. The Emperor would not give a direct answer to his petition, but told him he would think

think of it, and appointed a certain day when he would let him know his pleasure. He then called together the most faithful of his counsellors, and acquainted them with his Secretary's crime, asking their advice in so delicate an affair. They most of them gave their opinion, that the person could not be too severely punished who had thus dishonoured his master. Upon the whole debate, the Emperor declared it was his opinion, that Eginhart's punishment would rather increase than diminish the shame of his family, and that therefore he thought it most adviseable to wear out the memory of the fact, by marrying him to his daughter. Accordingly Eginhart was called in, and acquainted by the Emperor that he should no longer have any pretence of complaining his services were not rewarded, for that the Princess Imma should be given to him in marriage, with a dower suitable to her quality; which was performed soon after accordingly.

The FRENCH RENEGADO.

AN inhabitant of the kingdom of Castile, being a man of more than ordinary prudence, and of a grave composed behaviour, determined, about the fiftieth year of his age, to enter upon wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he cast his eye upon a young woman, who had nothing to recommend her but her beauty and her education, her parents having been reduced to great poverty by the

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wars which for some years had laid the whole country in waste. The Castilian having made his addressee to her and married her, they lived together in perfect happiness for some time; when at length the husband's affairs made it necessary for him to take a voyage to the kingdom of Naples, where a great part of his estate lay. The wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a ship-board above a day, when they unluckily fell into the hands of an Algerine pirate, who carried the whole company on shore, and made them slaves. The Castilian and his wife had the comfort to be under one master, who seeing how dearly they loved one another, and gasped at their liberty, demanded a most exorbitant price for their ransom. The Castilian, though he would rather have died in slavery himself, than have paid such a sum as might ruin him, was so moved with compassion towards his wife, that he sent repeated orders to his friend in Spain (who happened to be the next relation) to sell his estate, and transmit the money to him. His friend, hoping that the terms of his ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an estate which he himself had some hope of inheriting, formed so many delays, that three whole years passed away without any thing being done for the setting them at liberty.

There happened to live a French Renegado in the same place, where the Castilian and his wife were kept prisoners. As the fellow had in him all the vivacity of his nation, he often entertained

entertained the captives with accounts of his own adventures; to which he sometimes added a song or a dance, or some other piece of mirth, to divert them during their confinement. His acquaintance with all the manners of the Algerines, enabled him likewise to do them several good offices. The Castilian, as he was one day in conversation with this Renegado, discovered to him the negligence and treachery of his correspondent in Castile, and at the same time asked his advice how he should behave himself in that exigency. He further told the Renegado, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the money, unless he himself might go over to dispose of his estate. The Renegado, after having represented to him, that his Algerine master would never consent to his release upon such a pretence, at length contrived a method for the Castilian to make his escape in the habit of a seaman. The Castilian succeeded in his attempt; and, having sold his estate, being afraid lest the money should miscarry by the way, and determining to perish with it, rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his life, returned himself in a little vessel that was going to Algiers. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt upon this occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the wife whom he so much loved, and endear himself more to her by this uncommon piece of generosity.

The Renegado, during the husband's absence, so insinuated himself in the good graces of his young wife, and so turned her head with

stories of gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her mind was quite alienated from the honest Castilian, whom she was taught to look upon as a formal old fellow, unworthy the possession of so charming a creature. She had been instructed by the Renegado how to manage herself upon his arrival; so that she received him with an appearance of the utmost love and gratitude, and at length persuaded him to trust their common friend (the Renegado) with the money he had brought over for their ransoms; as not questioning but he would beat down the terms of it, and negotiate the affair more to their advantage than they themselves could do. The good man admired her prudence, and followed her advice.

I wish I could conceal the sequel of this story; but, since I cannot, I shall dispatch it in as few words as possible. The Castilian having slept longer than ordinary the next morning, upon his awaking found his wife had left him: He immediately after was told, that she was seen with the Renegado about break of day. In a word, her lover having got all things ready for their departure, they soon made their escape out of the territories of the Algiers, carried away the money, and left the Castilian in captivity; who, partly through the cruel treatment of the incensed Algerine, his master, and partly through the unkind usage of his unfaithful wife, died some few months after.

HELIM,

HE LIM, *the great* PHYSICIAN.

THE name of Helim is still famous thro' all the eastern parts of the world. He is called among the Persians, even to this day, Helim the great Physician. He was acquainted with all the powers of simples, understood all the influences of the stars, and knew the secrets that were engraved on the seal of Solomon, the son of David. Helim was also governor of the Black Palace, and chief of the physicians to Alnareschin, the great King of Persia.

Alnareschin was the most dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in his country. He was of a fearful, suspicious, and cruel nature, having put to death, upon very slight jealousies and surmises, five and thirty of his Queens, and above twenty sons, whom he suspected to have conspired against his life. Being at length wearied with the exercises of so many cruelties in his own family, and fearing lest the whole race of Caliphs should be entirely lost, he one day sent for Helim, and spoke to him after this manner:—"Helim, said he, I have long admired thy great wisdom, and retired way of living. I shall now shew thee the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two sons remaining, who are as yet but infants. It is my design that thou take them home with thee, and educate them as thy own. Train them in the humble, unambitious pursuits of knowledge. By these means shall the line of Caliphs be preserved, and my children succeed after me, without aspiring to my throne

whilst I am yet alive." "The words of my Lord shall be obeyed," said Helim. After which he bowed, and went out of the King's presence.

He then received the children into his own house, and from that time brought them up with him in the studies of knowledge and virtue. The young princes loved and respected Helim as their father, and made such improvement under him, that by the age of one-and-twenty, they were instructed in all the learning of the east. The name of the eldest was Ibrahim, and of the youngest Abdallah. They lived together in such perfect friendship, that to this day 'tis said of intimate friends, that they lived together like Ibrahim and Abdallah. Helim had an only child, who was a girl, of a fine soul, and a most beautiful person. Her father omitted nothing in her education that might make her the most accomplished woman of the age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the rest of the world, they frequently conversed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the same course of knowledge and virtue. Abdallah, whose mind was of a softer turn than his brother's, grew by degrees so enamoured of her conversation, that he did not think he lived when he was not in company with his beloved Balsora, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was so great, that at length it came to the ears of the King, who pretending to visit the young princes, his sons, demanded of Helim the sight of
Balsora,

Balsora, his fair daughter. The King was so inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he sent for Helim the next morning, and told him it was now his design to recompence him for all his faithful services; and that in order to it, he intended to make his daughter Queen of Persia. Helim, who knew very well the fate of all those unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the secret love which Abdallah bore his daughter: Far be it, said he, from the King of Persia to contaminate the blood of the Caliphs, and join himself in marriage with the daughter of his physician. The King, however, was so impatient for such a bride, without hearing any excuses, he immediately ordered Balsora to be sent for into his presence, keeping the father with him, in order to make him sensible of the honour which he designed her. Balsora, who was too modest and humble to think her beauty had made such an impression on the King, was a few moments after brought into his presence, as he had commanded.

She appeared in the King's eyes as one of the virgins of Paradise. But, upon hearing the honour which he intended her, she fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept; and after having recovered her out of the trance into which she was fallen, represented to the King, that so unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The King bid him take his own way, and dismissed him.

Balsora

Balsora was conveyed again to her father's house, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment; insomuch that at length she fell into a raging fever. The King was informed of her condition by those that saw her. Helim finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties she was in, after having composed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a certain potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for many hours; and afterwards, in all the seeming distress of a disconsolate father, informed the King she was dead. The King, who never let any sentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himself about the matter: However, for his own reputation he told the father, that since it was known through the empire that Balsora died at a time when he designed her for his bride, it was his intention that she should be honoured as such after her death, and that her body should be laid in the Black Palace, among those of his deceased Queens.

In the mean time Abdallah, who had heard of the King's design, was not less afflicted than his beloved Balsora. As for the several circumstances of distress, as also how the King was informed of an irrecoverable distemper into which he had fallen, they are to be found at length in the history of Helim. It shall suffice to acquaint my reader, that Helim, some days after the supposed death of his daughter, gave the prince a potion of the same nature with that which had laid asleep Balsora.

It

It is the custom among the Persians, to convey in a private manner the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the Black Palace; which is the repository of all who are descended from the Caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief physician is always governor of the Black Palace, so called from the colour of the building, which is all of the finest polished black marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting lamps. It has also one hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night by a hundred negroes, who are to take care that no body enters, besides the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repository, and at the appointed time received her out of the sleep into which she was fallen, took care some time after to bring that of Abdallah into the same place. Balsora watched over him, till such time as the dose he had taken lost its effects. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's design when he gave him this sleepy potion. It is impossible to describe the surprize, the joy, the transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the retirements of the blest, and that the spirit of his dear Balsora, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his arrival. She soon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its horrors, appeared to him more sweet than the bower of Mahomet, in the company of his Balsora.

Helim,

Helim, who was supposed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, visited the place very frequently. His greatest perplexity was how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This consideration did not a little disturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim bethought himself, that the first day of the full-moon, of the month of Tizpa, was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the Persians, that the souls of those of the royal family, who are in the state of bliss, do on the first full-moon after their decease, pass through the eastern gate of the Black Palace, which is therefore called the gate of Paradise, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim therefore having made due preparation for this night, dressed each of the lovers in a robe of azure silk, wrought in the finest looms of Persia, with a long train of linen whiter than the snow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdallah's head, he fixed a wreath of the greenest myrtle, and on Balfora's a garland of the freshest roses. Their garments were scented with the richest perfumes of Arabia. Having prepared every thing, the full-moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness, but he privately opened the gate of Paradise, and shut it after the same manner, as soon as they had passed through it. The band of negroes, who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, that shewed themselves to advantage by the light of the full-moon, and
ravished

ravished with the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghosts of the two persons lately deceased. They fell upon their faces as they passed thro' the midst of them, and continued prostrated on the earth till such time as they were out of sight. They reported the next day what they had seen; but this was looked upon, by the King himself, and most others, as the compliment that was usually paid to any of the deceased of his family. Helim had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's distance from the Black Temple, on the spot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own houses, which was situated on Mount Khacan. The air on this mountain was so very healthful, that Helim had formerly transported the King thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of sickness; which succeeded so well, that the King made him a present of the whole mountain, with a beautiful house and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balfora. They were both fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and possessed with so constant and mutual a passion for each other, that their solitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himself to those arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the situation of the place, insomuch that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations or spots of flowers. Helim was too

good

good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleasant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place, the old King died, and was succeeded by his son Ibrahim ; who, upon the supposed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir of the Persian empire. Though he was for some years inconsolable for the death of his brother, Helim durst not trust him with the secret, which he knew would have fatal consequences, should it by any means come to the knowledge of the old King. Ibrahim was no sooner mounted on the throne, but Helim sought after a proper opportunity of making a discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so good-natured and generous a Prince. It so happened, that before Helim found such an opportunity as he desired, the new King Ibrahim having been separated from his company in a chace, and almost fainting with heat and thirst, saw himself at the Mount Khacan : He immediately ascended the hill ; and coming to Helim's house, demanded some refreshments. Helim was very luckily there at that time ; and after having set before the King the choicest of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a treat, told him that the best part of his entertainment was to come : Upon which he opened to him the whole history of what had past. The King was at once astonished and transported at so strange a relation ; and seeing his brother enter the room with Balsora in his hand, he leaped off from the sofa on which

which he sat, and cried out, "'Tis he! 'tis my Abdallah!"—Having said this, he fell upon his neck, and wept. The whole company, for some time, remained silent, and shedding tears of joy. The King, at length, after having kindly reproached Helim for depriving him so long of such a brother, embraced Balsora with the greatest tenderness, and told her, that she should now be a Queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother King of all the conquered nations on the other side of the Tigris. He easily discovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that, instead of being transported with the offer, they preferred their present retirement to empire. At their request, therefore, he changed his intentions, and made them a present of all the open country as far as they could see from the top of Mount Khacan. Abdallah, continuing to extend his improvements, beautified this whole prospect with groves and fountains, gardens and seats of pleasure, till it became the most delicious spot of ground within the empire, and therefore called the Garden of Persia. This Caliph, Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was succeeded by a son of Abdallah and Balsora. This was that King Abdallah, who afterwards fixed the imperial residence upon Mount Khacan, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Persian empire.

LÆTITIA and DAPHNE.

A Friend of mine has two daughters, whom I will call Lætitia and Daphne; the former is one of the greatest beauties of the age in which she lives, the latter no way remarkable for any charms in her person. Upon this one circumstance of their outward form, the good and ill of their lives seem to turn. Lætitia has not, from her very childhood, heard ought but commendations of her features and complexion; by which means she is no other than nature made her, a very beautiful outside. The consciousness of her charms renders her insupportably vain and insolent towards all who have to do with her. Daphne, who was almost twenty before one civil thing had been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some accomplishments to make up for the want of those attractions which she saw in her sister. Poor Daphne was seldom submitted to in a debate wherein she was concerned; her discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good sense of it, and she was under a necessity to have well considered what she had to say before she uttered it; while Lætitia was listened to with partiality, approbation sitting in the countenance of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These causes have produced suitable effects, and Lætitia is as insipid a companion, as Daphne is an agreeable one. Lætitia, confident of favour, has studied no arts to please; Daphne, despairing of any inclination towards her person, has

has depended on her merit: Lætitia has always something in her air that is sullen, grave, and disconsolate. Daphne has a countenance that appears chearful, open, and unconcerned. A young gentleman saw Lætitia this winter at a play, and became her captive. His fortune was such, that he wanted very little introduction to speak his sentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with the utmost freedom into the family, where a constrained behaviour, severe looks, and distant civilities, were the highest favours he could obtain of Lætitia; while Daphne used him with the good humour, familiarity, and innocence of a sister; inso-much that he would often say to her, Dear Daphne, were you as handsome as Lætitia!—She received such language with that ingenuous and pleasing mirth, which is natural to a woman without design. He still sighed in vain for Lætitia, but found certain relief in the agreeable conversation of Daphne. At length, heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of Lætitia, and charmed with the repeated instances of good-humour he had observed in Daphne, he one day told the latter, that he had something to tell her he hoped she would be pleased with.—Faith, Daphne, continued he, I am in love with thee, and despise thy sister sincerely. The manner of his declaring himself, gave his mistress occasion for a very hearty laugh.—Nay, says he, I knew you would laugh at me, but I'll ask your father. He did so; the father received his intelligence with no less joy than surprize, and was very

glad he had now no care left but for his beauty, whom he thought he could carry to market at his leisure. I do not know any thing that has pleased me so much a great while, as this conquest of my friend Daphne. All her acquaintance congratulated her upon her chance-medley, and laughed at that premeditating murderer her sister. As it is an argument of a light mind, to think the worse of ourselves for the imperfections of our person, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the advantages of them.

SULTAN MAHMOUD *and his* VISIER:
A TURKISH TALE.

THE Sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian empire. The Visier to this great Sultan (whether an humourist or an enthusiast, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Dervise, to understand the language of birds; so that there was not a bird that could open its mouth, but the Visier knew what it was it said. As he was one evening with the Emperor, in their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall, out of an heap of rubbish. I would fain know, says the Sultan, what these two owls are saying to one another; listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it.

The

The Visier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the Sultan, says he, I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is. The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the owls had said. You must know then, said the Visier, that one of these owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter in my hearing: Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion; to which the father of the daughter replied, instead of fifty, I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud; whilst he reigns over us, we shall never want ruined villages.

The story says, the Sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the good of his people.

The PERSIAN GLASS-MAN.

ALNASCHAR was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died, he left him the value of an hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out i

glasses, bottles, and the finest earthen ware.
 These he piled up in a large open basket ; and
 having made choice of a very little shop, placed
 the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon
 the wall, in expectation of customers. As he
 sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the
 basket, he fell into a most amusing train of
 thought, and was over-heard by one of his
 neighbours, as he talked to himself, in the fol-
 lowing manner :—‘ This basket, says he, cost
 ‘ me at the wholesale merchant’s an hundred
 ‘ drachmas, which is all I have in the world.
 ‘ I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by
 ‘ selling it in retail. These two hundred
 ‘ drachmas will in a very little while raise me
 ‘ four hundred, which of course will amount
 ‘ in time to four thousand, which cannot fail
 ‘ of making eight thousand. As soon as by
 ‘ these means I am master of ten thousand, I
 ‘ will lay aside my trade of glassman, and turn
 ‘ jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds,
 ‘ pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I
 ‘ have got together as much wealth as I can
 ‘ well desire, I will make a purchase of the
 ‘ finest house I can find, with lands, slaves,
 ‘ eunuchs, and horses. I shall then begin to
 ‘ enjoy myself, and make a noise in the world.
 ‘ I will not, however, stop there, but still con-
 ‘ tinue my traffic, till I have got together an
 ‘ hundred thousand drachmas. When I have
 ‘ thus made myself master of an hundred thou-
 ‘ sand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself
 ‘ on the foot of a prince, and will demand the
 ‘ Grand Visier’s daughter in marriage, after
 ‘ having

' having represented to that minister the in-
 ' formation which I received of the beauty,
 ' wit, discretion, and other high qualities which
 ' his daughter possesses. I will let him know
 ' at the same time, that it is my intention to
 ' make him a present of a thousand pieces of
 ' gold on our marriage night. As soon as I
 ' have married the Grand Visier's daughter, I
 ' will buy her ten black eunuchs, the youngest
 ' and best that can be got for money. I must
 ' afterwards make my father-in-law a visit with
 ' a grand train and equipage: And when I
 ' am placed at his right-hand, which he will
 ' do in course, if it be only to honour his
 ' daughter, I will give him the thousand pieces
 ' of gold which I promised him; and after-
 ' wards, to his great surprize, will present him
 ' with another purse of the same value, with
 ' some short speech; as, Sir, you see I am a
 ' man of my word: I always give more than
 ' I promise.

' When I have brought the princess to my
 ' house, I shall take particular care to breed in
 ' her a due respect for me, before I give the
 ' reins to love and dalliance. To this end I
 ' shall confine her to her own apartment, make
 ' her a short visit, and talk but little to her.
 ' Her women will represent to me, that she is
 ' inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and
 ' beg with tears to caress her, and let her sit
 ' down by me; but I shall still remain in-
 ' exorable, and will turn my back upon her
 ' all the first night. Her mother will then
 ' come and bring her daughter to me, as I am
 ' seated.

‘ seated on my sofa. The daughter, with tears
 ‘ in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and
 ‘ beg of me to receive her into my favour: Then
 ‘ will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration
 ‘ for my person, draw up my leg, and
 ‘ spurn her from me with my foot, in such a
 ‘ manner, that she shall fall down several paces
 ‘ from the sofa.’

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts: So that unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

PLEASURE and PAIN: *A Fable.*

THERE were two families, which from the beginning of the world were as opposite to each other as light and darkness. The one of them lived in Heaven, the other in Hell. The youngest descendant of the first family was Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness, who was the child of Virtue, who was the offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before, had their habitation in Heaven. The youngest of the opposite family was Pain, who was the son of Misery, who was the child of Vice, who was the offspring of the Furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in Hell.

The

The middle station of Nature between these two opposite extremes was the Earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind, neither so virtuous as the one, nor so vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of these opposite families. Jupiter, considering that this species, commonly called Man, was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a distinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two youngest of the above-mentioned families, Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness, and Pain, who was the son of Misery, to meet one another upon this part of Nature which lay in the half-way between them, having promised to settle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the division of it, so as to share Mankind between them.

Pleasure and Pain were no sooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, 'That Pleasure should take possession of the virtuous, and Pain of the vicious part of that species which was given to them.' But upon examining to which any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for that, contrary to what they had seen in their old places of residence, there was no person so vicious, who had not some good in him, nor any person so virtuous, who had not some evil in him. The truth of it is, they generally found upon search, that in the most vicious man, Pleasure might lay claim to an hundredth part;

part; and that in the most virtuous man, Pain might come in for at least two-thirds. This they saw would occasion endless disputes between them, unless they could come to some accommodation. To this end there was a marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded: By this means it is that we find Pleasure and Pain are such constant yoke-fellows, and that they either make their visits together, or are never far asunder. If Pain comes into an heart, it is quickly followed by Pleasure; and if Pleasure enters, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

But notwithstanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not seem to answer the intention of Jupiter in sending them among mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by articles, and confirmed by the consent of each family, that notwithstanding they here possessed the species indifferently, upon the death of every single person, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he should be dispatched into the Infernal Regions by a passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery, Vice, and the Furies. Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he should be dispatched into Heaven, by a passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue, and the Gods.

The PERSIAN SULTAN, his Justice.

AS one of the Sultans lay encamped on the plains of Avala, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peasant's house, and finding his wife very handsome, turned the good man out of his dwelling, and went to bed to her. The peasant complained the next morning to the Sultan, and desired redress; but was not able to point out the criminal. The Emperor, who was very much incensed at the injury done the poor man, told him, that probably the offender might give his wife another visit, and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his tent, and acquaint him with it. Accordingly within two or three days, the officer entered again the peasant's house, and turned the owner out of doors; who thereupon applied himself to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The Sultan went in person, with his guards, to the poor man's house, where he arrived about midnight. As the attendants carried each of them a flambeau in their hands, the Sultan, after having ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the house, find out the criminal, and put him to death. This was immediately executed, and the corpse laid out upon the floor by the Emperor's command. He then bid every one light his flambeau, and stand about the dead body. The Sultan approaching it, looked upon the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his rising up, he ordered the peasant to set before him whatever food

food he had in his house. The peasant brought out a great deal of coarse fare, of which the Emperor eat very heartily. The peasant, seeing him in a good-humour, presumed to ask of him, Why he had ordered the flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer should be slain? Why, upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down in prayer? And why, after this, he had ordered meat to be set before him, of which he now eat so heartily?

The Sultan, being willing to gratify the curiosity of his host, answered him in this manner :—‘ Upon hearing the greatness of the offence which had been committed by one of the army, I had reason to think it might have been one of my own sons, for who else would have been so audacious and presuming? I gave orders therefore for the lights to be extinguished, that I might not be led astray by partiality or compassion, from doing justice on the criminal. Upon lighting the flambeaux a second time, I looked upon the face of the dead person, and to my unspeakable joy, found it was not my son. It was for this reason that I immediately fell upon my knees, and gave thanks to God. As for my eating heartily of the food you have set before me, you will cease to wonder at it, when you know the great anxiety of mind I have been in upon this occasion, since the first complaints you brought me, has hindered my eating any thing from that time till this very moment.’

RHYNSAULT,

RHYNSAULT, *an unjust Governor.*

WHEN Charles Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the Bold, reigned over spacious dominions, now swallowed up by the power of France, he heaped many favours and honours upon Claudius Rhynsault, a German, who served him in his wars against the insults of his neighbours. A great part of Zealand was at that time in subjection to that dukedom. The Prince himself was a person of singular humanity and justice. Rhynsault, with no other real quality than courage, had dissimulation enough to pass upon his generous and unsuspicious master for a person of blunt honesty and fidelity, without any vice that could bias him from the execution of justice. His Highness, prepossessed to his advantage, upon the decease of the governor of his chief town of Zealand, gave Rhynsault that command. He was not long seated in that government, before he cast his eyes upon Sapphira, a woman of exquisite beauty, the wife of Paul Danvelt, a wealthy merchant of the city, under his protection and government. Rhynsault was a man of warm constitution and a violent inclination to women, and not unskilled in those soft arts which win their favour. He knew what it was to enjoy the satisfactions which are reaped from the possession of beauty, but was an utter stranger to the decencies, or honours and delicacies that attend the passions in polite and elegant minds. However, he had so much of the world, that he had a great

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share

share of the language which usually prevails upon the weaker part of that sex, and he could with his tongue utter a passion with which his heart was wholly untouched. He was one of those brutal minds, which can be gratified with the violation of innocence and beauty, without the least pity, passion, or love to that with which they are so much delighted. Ingratitude is a vice inseparable to a lustful man; and the possession of a woman by him who has no thought but allaying a passion painful to himself, is necessarily followed by distaste and aversion. Rhynsault was resolved to accomplish his will on the wife of Danvelt, lest no arts untried to get into a familiarity at her house; but she knew his character and disposition too well not to shun all occasions that might ensnare her into his conversation. The governor, despairing of success by ordinary means, apprehended and imprisoned her husband, under pretence of an information that he was guilty of a correspondence with the enemies of the Duke, to betray the town into their possession. This design had its desired effect; and the wife of the unfortunate Danvelt, the day before that which was appointed for his execution, presented herself in the hall of the governor's house; and, as he passed through the apartment, threw herself at his feet, and holding his knees, beseeched his mercy. Rhynsault beheld her with a dissembled satisfaction; and assuming an air of thought and authority, he bid her arise, and told her she must follow him to his closet; and asking her if she knew the
hand

hand of the letter he pulled out of his pocket, went from her, leaving this admonition aloud :
 ‘ If you will save your husband, you must give
 ‘ me an account of all you know, without pre-
 ‘ varication ; for every body is satisfied he was
 ‘ too fond of you to be able to hide from you
 ‘ the names of the rest of the conspirators, or
 ‘ any other particulars whatsoever.” He went
 into his closet, and soon after the lady was sent
 for to an audience. The servant knew his
 distance when matters of state were to be de-
 bated ; and the governor, laying aside the air
 with which he appeared in public, began to be
 the suppliant, to rally an affliction, which it
 was in her power easily to remove, and relieve
 an innocent man from his imprisonment. She
 easily perceived his intention, and, bathed in
 tears, began to deprecate so wicked a design.
 Lust, like ambition, takes all the faculties of
 the mind and body into its service and sub-
 jection. Her becoming tears, her honest an-
 guish, the wringing of her hands, and the
 many changes of her posture and figure in the
 vehemence of speaking, were but so many at-
 titudes in which he beheld her beauty, and
 further incentives of his desire. All humanity
 was lost in that one appetite ; and he signified
 to her in such plain terms, that he was un-
 happy till he had possessed her, and nothing
 else should be the price of her husband’s life ;
 and she must, before the following noon, pro-
 nounce the death or enlargement of Danvelt.
 After this notification, when he saw Sapphira
 again enough distracted to make the subject of

their discourse to common eyes appear different from what it was, he called servants to conduct her to the gate. Loaded with insupportable affliction, she immediately repairs to her husband; and having signified to the goalers, that she had a proposal to make to her husband from the governor, she was left alone with him, revealed to him all that had passed, and represented the endless conflict she was in between love to his person and fidelity to his bed. It is easy to imagine the sharp affliction this honest pair was in upon such an incident, in lives not used to any but ordinary occurrences. The man was bridled by shame from speaking what his fear prompted, upon so near an approach of death; but let fall words that signified to her, he should not think her polluted, though she had not yet confessed to him that the governor had violated her person, since he knew her will had no part in the action. She parted from him with this oblique permission, to save a life he had not resolution enough to resign for the safety of his honour.

The next morning the unhappy Sapphira attended the governor, and being led into a remote apartment, submitted to his desires. Rhynsault commended her charms, claimed a familiarity after what had passed between them, and with an air of gaiety, in the language of a gallant, bid her return, and take her husband out of prison: But, continued he, my fair one must not be offended that I have taken care he should not be an interruption to our future assignations. These last words foreboded what she

she found when she came to the goal, her husband executed by the order of Rhynsault.

It was remarkable, that the woman, who was full of tears and lamentations during the whole course of her affliction, uttered neither sigh nor complaint, but stood fixed with grief at this consummation of her misfortunes. She betook herself to her abode, and after paying in solitude her devotions to him who is the avenger of innocence, she repaired privately to court. Her person, and a certain grandeur of sorrow negligent of forms, gained her passage into the presence of the Duke, her sovereign. As soon as she came into the presence, she broke forth into the following words:—‘ Behold, ‘ O mighty Charles, a wretch weary of life, ‘ though it has been always spent with innocence and virtue. It is not in your power ‘ to redress my injuries, but it is to avenge ‘ them. And if the protection of the distressed, ‘ and the punishment of the oppressors is a task ‘ worthy a Prince, I bring the Duke of Burgundy ample matter for doing honour to his ‘ own great name, and wiping infamy off mine.’

When she had spoke this, she delivered the Duke a paper reciting her story. He read it with all the emotion that indignation and pity could raise in a Prince jealous of his honour in the behaviour of his officers, and prosperity of his subjects.

Upon an appointed day, Rhynsault was sent for to court, and in the presence of a few of the council, confronted by Sapphira: The Prince asking, Do you know that lady? Rhynsault, as

soon as he could recover his surprize, told the Duke he would marry her, if his Highness would please to think that a reparation. The Duke seemed contented with his answer, and stood by during the immediate solemnization of the ceremony. At the conclusion of it, he told Rhynsfault, Thus far have you done as constrained by my authority : I shall not be satisfied of your kind usage of her, without you sign a gift of your whole estate to her after your decease. To this performance also the Duke was a witness. When those two acts were executed, he turned to the lady, and told her, It now remains for me to put you in quiet possession of what your husband has so bountifully bestowed on you ; and ordered the immediate execution of Rhynsfault.

SOCRATES, and a Physiognomist.

THERE chanced to be a great physiognomist at Athens, * who had made strange discoveries of men's tempers and inclinations by their outward appearances. Socrates's disciples, that they might put this artist to the trial, carried him to their master, whom he had never seen before, and did not know he was then in company with him. After a short examination of his face, the physiognomist pronounced him the most lewd, libidinous, and drunken fellow that he had ever met with in his whole life. Upon which the disciples all
burst

* Zopirus.

burst out into laughing, as thinking they had detected the falshood and vanity of his art : But Socrates told them, that the principles of his art might be very true, notwithstanding his present mistake ; for that he himself was naturally inclined to those particular vices which the physiognomist had discovered in his countenance, but that he had conquered the strong dispositions he was born with, by the dictates of philosophy.

We are indeed told by an ancient author, that Socrates very much resembled Silenus in his face ; which we find to have been very rightly observed, from the statues and busts of both that are still extant ; as well as on several antique seals and precious stones ; which are frequently enough to be met with in the cabinets of the curious. But however observations of this nature may sometimes hold, a wise man should be particularly cautious how he gives credit to a man's outward appearance. It is an irreparable injustice we are guilty of towards one another, when we are prejudiced by the looks and features of those whom we do not know. How often do we conceive hatred against a person of worth, or fancy a person to be proud and ill-natured by his aspect, whom we think we cannot esteem too much when we are acquainted with his real character.

TIMOLEON

TIMOLEON.

TIMOLEON was famous for referring all his successes to Providence. He had in his house a private chapel, in which he used to pay his devotions to the Goddess, who represented Providence among the heathens. I think no man was ever more distinguished, by the deity whom he blindly worshipped, than the great person I am speaking of, in several occurrences of his life, but particularly in the following one, which I shall relate out of Plutarch.

Three persons had entered into a conspiracy to assassinate Timoleon, as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to it, they took their several stands in the most convenient places for their purpose. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their design in execution, a stranger, having observed one of the conspirators, fell upon him and slew him: Upon which the other two, thinking their plot had been discovered, threw themselves at Timoleon's feet, and confessed the whole matter. This stranger, upon examination, was found to have understood nothing of the assassination, but having several years before had a brother killed by the conspirator, whom he here put to death, and having till now sought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himself there for the above-mentioned purpose. Plutarch cannot forbear, on this occasion, speaking with a kind of

of rapture on the schemes of Providence, which, in this particular, had so contrived it, that the stranger should, for so great a space of time, be debarred the means of doing justice to his brother, till by the same blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preserved the life of another.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of Timoleon's religion should have his intrepidity and firmness of mind, or that he should be distinguished by such a deliverance as I have here related.

Magnanimity of Madam de VILLACERFE.

S I R,

IT is so many years since you left your native country, that I am to tell you characters of your nearest relations as much as if you were an utter stranger to them. The occasion of this, is to give you an account of the death of Madam de Villacerfe, whose departure out of this life I know not whether a man of your philosophy will call unfortunate or not, since it was attended with some circumstances as much to be desired as lamented. She was her whole life happy in an uninterrupted health, and was always honoured for an evenness of temper and greatness of mind. On the 10th instant, that lady was taken with an indisposition which confined her to her chamber, but was such as was too slight to make her take a
sick

sick bed, and yet too grievous to admit of any satisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriously known, that some years ago, Monsieur Festeau, one of the most considerable surgeons in Paris, was desperately in love with this lady: Her quality placed her above any application to her on the account of his passion; but as women always have some regard to the person whom she believes to be her real admirer, she now took it in her head (upon advice of her physicians, to lose some of her blood) to send for Monsieur Festeau on this occasion. I happened to be there at that time, and my near relation gave me the privilege to be present. As soon as her arm was stripped bare, and he began to press it, in order to raise the vein, his colour changed, and I observed him seized with a sudden tremor, which made me take the liberty to speak of it to my cousin with some apprehension. She smiled, and said she knew Mr Festeau had no inclination to do her an injury. He seemed to recover himself, and smiling also, proceeded in his work. Immediately after the operation, he cried out, that he was the most unfortunate of all men, for he had opened an artery instead of a vein. It is as impossible to express the artist's distraction as the patient's composure. I will not dwell on little circumstances, but go on to inform you, that within three day's time, it was thought necessary to take off an arm. She was so far from using Festeau as it would be natural to one of a lower spirit to treat him, that she would not let him be absent from any consultation

sultation about her present condition ; and on every occasion, asked whether he was satisfied in the measures that were taken about her.

Before this last operation, she ordered her will to be drawn ; and after having been about a quarter of an hour alone, she bid the surgeons, of whom poor Festeau was one, go on in their work. I know not how to give you the terms of art, but there appeared such symptoms after the amputation of her arm, that it was visible she could not live four-and-twenty hours. Her behaviour was so magnanimous throughout this whole affair, that I was particularly curious in taking notice of what passed as her fate approached nearer and nearer ; and took notes of what she said to all about her, particularly word for word what she spoke to Mr Festeau ; which was as follows :

‘ Sir, You give me inexpressible sorrow for the anguish with which I see you overwhelmed. I am removed to all intents and purposes from the interests of human life, therefore I am to think like one wholly unconcerned in it. I do not consider you as one by whose error I have lost my life ; no, you are my benefactor, as you have hastened my entrance into a happy immortality. This is my sense of this accident ; but the world in which you live may have thoughts of it to your disadvantage, I have therefore taken care to provide for you in my will, and have placed you above what you have to fear from their ill-nature.

When this excellent woman spoke these words, Festeau looked as if he received a condemnation

demnation to die, instead of a pension for life. Madam de Villacerse lived till eight o'clock the next night; and, though she must have laboured under the most exquisite torments, she possessed her mind with so wonderful a patience, that one may rather say she ceased to breathe than she died at that hour. You who had not the happiness to be personally known to this lady, have nothing but to rejoice in the honour you had of being related to so great merit; but we who have lost her conversation, cannot so easily resign our own happiness by reflection upon hers. I am, Sir,

Your affectionate kinsman,
And most obedient humble servant,

PAUL REGNAUD:

There hardly can be a greater instance of an heroic mind, than the unprejudiced manner in which this lady weighed this misfortune. The regard of life itself could not make her overlook the contrition of the unhappy man, whose more than ordinary concern for her was all his guilt. It would certainly be of singular use to human society, to have an exact account of this lady's ordinary conduct, which was crowned by so uncommon magnanimity. Such greatness was not to be acquired in her last article; nor is it to be doubted but it was a constant practice of all that is praise-worthy, which made her capable of beholding death, not as the dissolution, but consummation of her life.

PYRAMUS

PYRAMUS and THISBE.

PYRAMUS was a young man of extraordinary beauty : He dwelt in the city of Babylon ; and the very next door to him there lived a young woman named Thisbe, who, in the qualifications of her mind and person, was much superior to the other women of her age and country. Living so near together, they had frequent opportunities of seeing each other, and contracted an acquaintance. This begat between them a love, which by degrees grew to such a height, that they did intend to have been joined together in marriage, had not their parents, who were very averse to this match, interposed and prevented it.

The authority of their parents, though it put them under some restraint, could not prevent the continuance and increase of their love. They had recourse to signs and nods ; and were forced to make use of that dumb language to express to each other their affection, which, though not suffered to break out into an open flame, was rather increased than diminished by being thus forcibly concealed.

It happened that at the first building of the houses in which they lived, there was by accident left in the wall, which separated them, a small crack : No body had ever taken notice of this, till these two (so quick-sighted is love) first found it out ; and being in a great measure debarred all other methods of communication, made use of it as the safest way of conveying their thoughts to each other.

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they would frequently resort, and in gentle whispers breathe the sentiments of their hearts; they would discourse till it was proper for them to retire to their several apartments: They gave a parting kiss, which the wall hindered from ever reaching the lips of either; and as soon as the morning began to shine, their first care was to repair to this spot, the only one they could find favourable to their love and courtship.

In this manner they carried on their correspondence for a considerable time, till growing impatient of this confinement, they resolved, let the consequence be what it would, to procure a more free and unrestrained access to each other.—One day, after having vented themselves in many complaints, and after a great deal of other tender discourse, they made an appointment, that towards night they would get out of the reach of those who had the care of them, and rendezvous at Ninus's tomb, a place at a little distance from the town, near which was a large mulberry-tree, and near that a famous spring of water. Which ever first came to the mulberry-tree, was to wait there in expectation of the other.

The impatient desire they had entertained for this meeting, made them fancy the sun was a great while a going down. This she, when she perceived the night coming on, contrived to leave her father's house unobserved, and with a veil over her face, made her way to the mulberry-tree, under which she sat down in expectation of her lover.

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She had not been long there, when there approached towards her a lioness, who having been preying upon some sheep, came thither, with her jaws all bloody, to drink at the neighbouring fountain. Thisbe, perceiving her by the light of the moon coming forwards, was frightened almost to death, and with the utmost haste fled to a cave at some distance. In her hurry she dropt her veil.

The lioness having satisfied her thirst, in her return met with the veil Thisbe had dropt. She tumbled it about for some time, till she had made it all over bloody, and then, leaving it on the ground, retired into the woods. By this time Pyramus had found means to leave the city; and coming towards the place of appointment, observed in the sand the impressions which the feet of the beast had made. He was immediately filled with a thousand uncertainties and fears; but when he came a little forward, and found the veil all over bloody, he no longer doubted of his Thisbe's death; and unable to contain himself, broke out into this passionate exclamation:—'And is this the
'miserable end of our loves! O my Thisbe!
'thou deserved'st another fate. But I, 'tis I
'who have occasioned this, who first tempted
'you to this place of danger, and yet came
'not time enough to be of any assistance to
'you. Devour me too, ye beasts who live in
'this desert! Tear me to pieces, ye lions! Or
'rather let me die by my own hands: I will
'myself avenge my crime by a voluntary
'death.'

This said, he takes the veil into his hand, and walks with it to the tree. He bedewed it with many tears and many kisses; at length he unsheathed his sword; and let my blood, said he, be mingled with my Thisbe's. With these words he struck the sword deep into his groin; then falling to the ground, he drew it out again, and composed himself for death, while the blood ran spouting out of the orifice with great violence.

By this time Thisbe, a little recovered from her fright, and unwilling to disappoint her lover, stole from her lurking place, and returned towards the appointed tree. Her eyes were greedily employed in looking to discover him, and she was impatient to relate to him what a danger she had escaped. She soon perceived a man lying on the ground wounded and dying: She started back, turned pale, and was in the utmost disorder: But when, upon a nearer approach, she discovered it to be Pyramus, she broke into the most violent expressions of sorrow. She beat her breasts, tore her hair, and embracing the dead body, mingled her tears with his blood: She kissed his cold cheeks, and cried out, Pyramus! Oh my Pyramus! What has thus torn thee from me? Answer me, Oh my Pyramus, 'tis your Thisbe that calls? Hear me, and once more bless me with a sight of those eyes.

Pyramus, though just expiring, at the name of Thisbe lifted up his eyes; but immediately closed them again, and died.

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When Thisbe perceived her veil lying near him, she was not at a loss to know what had urged him to this fatal end. 'Tis the violence of your love, says she, that has destroyed you. I have a love too not less violent than yours, and strength enough to follow you into the other world. As I am the cause, so I will be the companion of your death. Death itself shall not be able to separate us. May our parents, our miserable parents, not deny this our last prayer; that we who both in life and death were so united by love, may rest together in the same tomb. Having said this, she fell upon the sword yet warm with the blood of Pyramus. Her dying prayer was not without success; their bodies were conveyed to the same funeral pile, and their ashes repositied in the same urn.

King LEAR, and his Three Daughters.

THERE was a King who had three daughters, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia. He being old and infirm, came to a resolution to marry his daughters, and to divide the kingdom among them. But having a mind, first of all, to know which of them loved him best, he resolved to make an experiment by asking each of them separately. Goneril, the eldest, apprehending too well her father's weakness, made answer, that she loved him above her own soul. Therefore, quoth the old man overjoyed, to thee and to thy husband whom

thou shalt chuse, I give the third part of my realm.

Regan, the second daughter, being asked the same question, and hoping to obtain as large a share of her father's bounty as her elder sister had done, made answer, that she loved him above all creatures; and so received an equal reward with her sister.

The King then proceeded to ask Cordelia, his youngest daughter, whom he had hitherto loved most tenderly of the three: Who, altho' she perceived how much the two eldest had gained by their flattery, yet would she not thereby be induced to make any other than a solid and a virtuous answer. Father, says she, I love you as a child ought to love her parent: They who pretend more than this, do but flatter you. The old man, sorry to hear this, wished her to recall those words, and a second time demanded what love she did bear unto him: She repeated the same answer which she had done before. Hear then, said Lear (for that was the King's name) now all in a passion, what thy ingratitude hath gained thee; because thou hast not revered thy aged father, equal to thy sisters, thou shalt have no part of my kingdom or my riches. And soon after this he bestows in marriage his two eldest daughters, Goneril, to Maglaunus, Duke of Albinia; Regan, to Henninus, Duke of Cornwall, giving to them half his kingdom in present, and promising the rest at his death.

In the mean while fame was not sparing to divulge the wisdom and other graces of Cordelia,

delia, infomuch that Aganippus, a great King in Gaul, seeks her to wife; and nothing altered at the loss of her dowry, receives her gladly in such a manner as she was sent unto him. After this, King Lear, more and more drooping with years, became an easy prey to his daughters and their husbands, who had now by daily encroachments, seized the whole kingdom into their hands, and the old King is put to sojourn with his eldest daughter, attended only by threescore knights. Soon after, these too were grugged at, as too numerous and disorderly for continual guests, and reduced to thirty. Not brooking this affront, the old King betakes himself to his second daughter. But there also discord soon arising between the servants of different masters in one family, five only are suffered to attend him. Then back again he returns to the other, hoping that she his eldest could not but have more pity on his grey hairs: But she now refuses to admit him, unless he will be content with only one of his followers. At last the remembrance of his youngest, Cordelia, comes to his thought; and now acknowledging how true her words had been, though he entertained but little hope of relief from one whom he had so much injured, yet resolved to make an experiment, if his misery might something soften her, he took his journey into France.

Now might be seen a difference between the silent and downright spoken affection of some children to their parents, and the talkative obsequiousness of others, while the hope of inheritance

inheritance acts in them, and on the tongue's end enlarges their duty. Cordelia, out of mere love, without the suspicion of expecting reward, at the message only of her father in distress, pours forth true filial tears; and not enduring either that her own or any other eye should see him in such a forlorn condition as his messenger described, discreetly appoints one of her most trusty servants, first to convey him privately towards some good sea-town, there to array him, bathe him, cherish him, furnish him with such attendants and state, as becomed his dignity; that then, as from his first landing, he might send word of his arrival to her husband Aganippus; which done, with all mature and requisite contrivance, Cordelia, with the King her husband, and all the barons of his realm, who then first had news of his passing the sea, went out to meet him; and after all honourable and joyful entertainment, Aganippus, as to his wife's father and his royal guest, surrenders to him, during his abode there, the power and disposal of his whole dominion; permitting his wife Cordelia to go with an army and replace her father upon his throne; wherein her filial duty so prospered, that she vanquished her impious sisters with those Dukes, and Lear again obtained the crown, which he continued to enjoy some years in peace.

When he died, Cordelia caused him, with all regal solemnities, to be buried in the town of Leicester.

ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER and DARIUS.

WHEN Alexander the Great, King of Macedon, invaded Persia, Darius, who was King thereof, opposed him with a very great army, consisting, according to the lowest account, of 200,000 men. The manner of his coming on was rather like a masker than a warrior, and like one that took more care to set out his glory and riches, than to provide for his own safety; persuading himself, as it seemed, to beat Alexander with pomp and sumptuous pageants: For before the army there was carried the holy fire, which the Persians worshipped, attended by their priests, and after them 365 young men, according to the number of the days in the year, covered in scarlet; then the chariot of Jupiter, drawn by white horses, their riders cloathed in the same colour, with rods of gold in their hands; and after it the horse of the sun: Next after these followed ten sumptuous chariots, inlaid and garnished with silver and gold; and then the vanguard of their horse, compounded of twelve several nations, which (the better to avoid confusion) did hardly understand each other's language: And these, marshalled at the head of the rest, being beaten, might serve very fitly to disorder all that followed them. In the tail of these horses marched the regiment of foot, which the Persians call immortal, because if any died, the number was speedily supplied, and these were armed with chains of gold, and their coats embroidered with the same metal, whereof the sleeves

sleeves were garnished with pearl; baits either to tempt the hungry Macedonians withal, or to persuade them that it were great incivility to cut and deface so glorious garments.

To second this court-like company, 15,000 were appointed, more rich and glittering than the former, but apparelled like women (to breed the more terror) and these were honoured with the title of the King's kinsmen. Then came Darius himself, the gentlemen of his guard-robe riding before his chariot, which was supported by the gods of his nation, cast and cut in pure gold. The head of this chariot was set with precious stones, and two little golden idols, covered with an open-winged eagle of the same metal; the hinder part being raised high, whereupon Darius sat, had a covering of inestimable value. This chariot of the King was followed by 10,000 horsemen, their lances plated with silver, and their heads gilt, which they meant not to imbrue in the Macedonian blood, for fear of marring their beauty. He had for the proper guard of his own person, 200 of the blood royal, blood too royal and precious to be spilt by any valourous adventurer, (I am of opinion that 200 sturdy fellows like the Switzers, would have done him more service) and these were backed with 30,000 footmen; after whom again were led 400 spare horses for the King, which, if he had meant to have used, he would have marshalled somewhat nearer him.

Now followed the rear-guard, the same being led by Sisigambis, the King's mother, and
by

by his wife, drawn in glorious chariots, followed by a great train of ladies on horseback, with fifteen waggons of the King's children and the wives of the nobility, and waited on by 250 concubines; and a world of nurses and eunuchs most sumptuously apparelled. By which it should seem, that Darius thought that the Macedonians had been a company of comedians or tumblers; for this troop was far fitter to behold those sports, than to be present at battles. Between these and a company of light armed slaves, was the King's treasure, on 600 mules and 300 camels, brought (as it is proved) to pay the Macedonians.

In this sort came the May-game King into the field, incumbered with a most unnecessary train of strumpets, attended with troops of divers nations, speaking divers languages, and for their numbers impossible to be marshalled; and for the most part so effeminate, so rich in gold and garments, as the same could not but have encouraged the rackedest nation in the world against them.

The event was, that Darius was utterly overthrown, his treasure lost, his wife, mother, and children taken prisoners, and all the train of ladies spoiled of their rich garments and jewels. It is true, that both the Queen, with her daughters, who had the good hap to be brought to Alexander's presence, were entertained with all respect due to their birth, their honours preserved, and their jewels and rich garments restored unto them: And though Darius's wife was a most beautiful lady, and his daughters

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of excellent form, yet Alexander mastered his affection towards them all. Darius himself, leaving his brother dead, with divers others of his chief captains, casting the crown from his head, hardly escaped.

TARQUINIUS, LUCRETIA, and BRUTUS.

ABOUT seven hundred years before the birth of Jesus Christ, the city of Rome was built by Romulus, who was the first King thereof: After him reigned Numa Pompilius, then Tullus Hostilius, who was succeeded by Ancus Martius, the fifth King was Tarquinius Priscus, the sixth Servius Tullus, the seventh and last Tarquinius Superbus. He behaved himself with so much insolence towards his subjects, that he soon created in them an aversion towards him; and at length they not only divested him of the government, but banished him and his family from Rome. The particular incident which occasioned this, is very remarkable, and we here relate it.

The Romans were at that time besieging the city of Ardea; and lying a good while before the town, they had oftentimes leisure enough upon their hands to carouse and make merry among each other, especially those who were men of quality and distinction in the camp. Some of the younger of them were one night at supper with Sextus Tarquinius, the King's son, at his quarters, and amongst the rest Collatinus. Discourse arose at table about their
wives:

wives: Each man commended his own. In the heat of the dispute, Collatinus said, he thought there was no occasion for many words; they might in a few hours satisfy themselves how much his Lucretia deserved above the rest. Let us, says he, take horse, and go see what our wives are about: She whom we see best employed shall carry the day. Every one liked the project; and being a little heated with wine, they immediately got on horseback, and flew to Rome, which they reached towards night, from whence they bent their course to Collatia, where they found Lucretia not like the women of the royal family, who were banquetting together; but, though late at night, intent upon her household affairs, sitting among her maid-servants at work.

This easily determined the prize of honour in favour of Lucretia. She received her husband and the rest of the gentlemen with a great deal of good-humour; and Collatinus, not a little pleased with this victory, with an air of gaiety, pressed the company to stay: They gladly accepted the invitation, set up there the whole night, and returned in the morning to the camp before Ardea.

This interview created in the mind of Sextus Tarquinius a very evil desire towards Lucretia. The charms of her beauty, heightened by her behaviour and conversation, made him uneasy till he could enjoy her.

A few days after, he, without acquainting Collatinus, and with only one servant, left the camp, and went to Collatia, where he was very

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civilly

civilly received, and entertained by Lucretia, entirely ignorant of his purpose. After supper, he was shewed into a bed-chamber; and in the middle of the night, when he thought every body quiet and asleep (such was the violence of his passion) he takes his sword in his hand, and steals to Lucretia's bed-side. He laid his hand upon her bosom, and with a low voice said, Lucretia, I am Sextus Tarquinius, I have a sword in my hand, and, if you offer to cry out, I will stab you this moment.

The woman waking out of her sleep, was frightened to find herself in such hands. Tarquinius told her the occasion of his coming, and endeavoured both by intreaties and by threats to induce her to a compliance. When he found her not to be moved, even with the fear of death, he threatened to destroy her reputation, to kill her first, then a servant, and lay him naked in her bed, that so the world might imagine she died in the act of adultery of the lowest kind. By this argument he got the better of her; and as soon as he had satisfied his desires upon her, he betook himself to the camp.

Lucretia, full of grief at what had happened, immediately dispatched a messenger to her father at Rome, and from thence to her husband at Ardea, desiring them to come with all haste with their choicest friends; that an affair of a very dismal nature had happened, which required their presence. Lucretius brought with him P. Valerius, and with Collatinus came L. Junius Brutus. They found Lucretia in her
 VII. 1713 chamber

chamber all in tears ; and when her husband asked her if she was well, she replied, How can a woman be well after the violation of her chastity ? Your bed, Collatinus, has been defiled ; but it is only my body that has assisted in it, my mind was guiltless, of which my death shall soon satisfy you. In the mean while, give me every one your honour, that you will avenge me of the adulterer : It is Sextus Tarquinius, who being received here last night as a guest, has behaved like an enemy. He has by force and arms accomplished his joys, fatal indeed to me ; but if you have the spirit of men in you, not less so to him.

They immediately pledged their honour to her, and endeavoured to calm and comfort both her and her husband, and loaded with many curses Sextus Tarquinius. As to him, said she, I leave him to your justice. As to me, I shall take a severe vengeance on myself, though I know myself innocent. No woman shall ever, from the example of Lucretia, learn to violate her husband's bed with impunity. Having said this, she drew, from under her gown, a knife, which she had hid there, and struck it to her heart.

The company fell into the utmost concern : But Brutus, drawing out the knife from the wound, and holding it reeking with blood in his hand, addressed himself to every one present in these terms : Swear, says he, by this blood, unstained till this piece of royal villainy, and by all the Gods, that you will by fire and sword, and by every method that you can, extirpate

L. Tarquinius, his wife and family; and that you never will suffer either them, or any other person, to have kingly authority in Rome.

They were amazed at this behaviour in Brutus, who had for some time lain under the imputation of madness, and now betrayed such a spirit, that every one took the oath, their grief now changed into anger, they submitted themselves to the conduct of Brutus for the extirpation of kingship.

The body of Lucretia they ordered to be carried into the market-place, where the news of so horrid a fact soon brought together a multitude of people. Every man was full of complaints of this villainy: And the sorrow which Lucretius shewed was particularly moving. But Brutus exhorted them to forbear their useless complaints and tears, to behave like men and Romans, and immediately to take arms against their oppressors. The young men soon appeared in arms, volunteers under Brutus, who leaving a party as a garrison at Collatia to keep the gates, that no one might carry the news of this insurrection to the royal family, marched with the rest to Rome. The approach of so large a body of armed men, struck a terror into the inhabitants there; but when they observed at their head some of the first distinction in the city, they presumed it was not without reason. When the occasion came to be known at Rome, it created as great commotion in men's minds, as it had done at Collatia. The people came running into the Forum, to whom Brutus, with a spirit and understanding

understanding which he had a long while concealed, in a long speech, set forth the heinous fact committed by Sextus Tarquinius, and the miserable end of Lucretia. He inveighed against the pride of the King, and the hardships with which he loaded the people. He exposed the iniquities of his whole life and reign; and at length prevailed so upon the people, that they came to a vote to put an end to the government of Tarquinius, and banish him, his wife and children.

The news of these proceedings having reached the camp, the King was very much affected with it, and hastened to Rome to put a stop to them. When he came thither, he found the gates shut against him, and the vote of his banishment renewed and confirmed. Brutus having taken a different route on purpose to avoid meeting Tarquinius, arrived at the army, where he was received with great joy. The sons of the King that were in the camp, were ordered out. Two of them followed their father's fortune, and retired with him into Etruria. Sextus Tarquinius removing into the territories of the Gabii, to whom he had rendered himself odious by murder and rapine, was by them slain.

Thus ended the reign of Lucius Tarquinius Superbus, after it had lasted five-and-twenty years; and with it ended all kingly authority in Rome; the government being upon this occasion transferred to magistrates of another kind, called Consuls, who were elected by the

people into that office. The two first were, L. Junius Brutus, and L. Tarquinius Collatinus.

S C I P I O.

SCIPIO at four-and-twenty years of age had obtained a great victory, and a multitude of prisoners of each sex and all conditions fell into his possession : Among others, an agreeable virgin in her early bloom and beauty. He had too sensible a spirit to see the most lovely objects without being moved with passion : Besides which, there was no obligation of honour or virtue to restrain his desires towards one, who was his by the fortune of war : But a noble indignation and a sudden sorrow which appeared in her countenance when the conqueror cast his eyes upon her, raised his curiosity to know her story. He was informed that she was a lady of the highest condition in that country, and contracted to Indibilis, a man of merit and quality. The generous Roman soon placed himself in the condition of the unhappy man, who was to lose so charming a bride ; and though a youth, a bachelor, a lover, and a conqueror, immediately resolved to resign all the invitations of his passion, and the rights of his power, to restore her to her destined husband. With this purpose he commanded her parents and relations, with her intended husband, to attend him at an appointed time. When they were met, and were waiting for the General, you may imagine to yourself
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the different concern of an unhappy father, a despairing lover, and a tender mother, in the several persons that were so related to the captive. Scipio appears to them, and leads his prisoner into their presence : As he approached, they all threw themselves upon their knees, except the lover of the lady : But Scipio observing in him a manly fullness, was the more inclined to favour him, and spoke to him in these words :—‘ Sir, It is not the manner
 ‘ of the Romans to use all the power they justly
 ‘ may. We fight not to ravage countries, or
 ‘ break through the ties of humanity. I am
 ‘ acquainted with your worth, and your in-
 ‘ terest in this lady. Fortune has made me
 ‘ your master, but I desire to be your friend.
 ‘ This is your wife, take her, and may the
 ‘ Gods bless you with her. Far be it from
 ‘ Scipio to purchase a little momentary plea-
 ‘ sure, at the rate of making an honest man
 ‘ unhappy.’

Indibilis’s heart was too full to make him answer, but he threw himself at the feet of the General, and wept aloud. The captive lady fell into the same posture, and they both remained so, till the father of the young woman burst into the following words :—‘ O divine
 ‘ Scipio, the Gods have given you more than
 ‘ human virtue. O glorious leader ! O won-
 ‘ derous youth ! Does not that obliged virgin
 ‘ give you, whilst she prays to the Gods for
 ‘ your prosperity, and thinks you sent down
 ‘ from them, raptures above all the transports
 ‘ which you could have reaped from the pos-
 session

‘ session of her injured person ?’—The temperate Scipio answered him without much emotion, saying, ‘ Father, be a friend to Rome,’ and retired. An immense sum was offered as her ransom, but he sent it to her husband ; and smiling, said, ‘ This is a trifle after what I ‘ have given him already.’

The TROJAN WAR.

THE first enterprize that was undertaken by the general consent of all Greece, was the war against Troy, which has been famous even to this day for the number of princes, and valiant commanders there assembled ; the great battles fought with variable success, the endurance of the siege, the destruction of that great city, and the many colonies planted in sundry countries, as well by the remainder of the Trojans, as by the victorious Greeks after their unfortunate return. All which things, with innumerable circumstances of special note, have been delivered unto posterity by the excellent wits of many writers, especially by the poems of Homer, whose verses have given immortality to the action, which might else perhaps have been buried in oblivion, among other worthy deeds done both before and since that time.

All writers consent with Homer, that the rape of Helena, by Paris, the son of Priamus, was the cause of taking arms. The Greeks, unwilling to come to trial of arms, if things might

might be compounded by treaty, sent Menelaus and Ulysses ambassadors to Troy, who demanded Helen and the goods which had been taken with her out of Menelaus's house. What answer the Trojans made hereunto is uncertain : But whether it were that the Trojans could not or would not restore Helen, so it was that the ambassadors returned ill contented, and not very well entreated, for there wanted not some that advised to have them slain. The Greeks hereupon incensed, made all haste towards Troy, under the command of Agamemnon, who was accompanied with his brother Menelaus, Achilles, the most valiant of all the Greeks, his friend Patroclus, and his tutor Phoenix, Ajax, Ulysses, Nestor, and several other valiant captains. These and many others of less note arrived at Troy with a great army, found such sharp entertainment as might easily persuade them to think that the war would be more than one year's work.

Nine years they spent either before the town, or ravaging the country, without any great success against Troy. About which time there arose much contention between Agamemnon and Achilles ; upon which Achilles refused to fight or to send forth his captains. But the Greeks, encouraged by their captains, presented themselves before the city, without him and his troops.

The Trojans were now relieved with great succours ; all the neighbouring countries having sent them aid : Between these and the Greeks were many battles fought ; the greatest of which

which were, that at the tomb of King Ilus upon the plain; and another at the very trenches of the camp, where Hector broke through the fortifications of the Greeks, and began to fire their ships; at which time Ajax, the son of Pelamon, with his brother Teucer, were in a manner the only men of note that remained unwounded, and made head against Hector, when the state of the Greeks was almost desperate.

Another battle, or rather the same renewed, was fought by Patroclus, who having obtained leave of Achilles to draw forth his troops, relieved the weary Greeks with a fresh supply. Agamemnon, Diomedes, Ulysses, and the rest of the Princes; though sore wounded, yet were driven to put on armour; and, with the help of Patroclus, repelled the Trojans very hardily: For in that fight Patroclus was lost, and his body, with much contention, recovered by his friends, was brought back into the camp, having been first stripped by Hector of the armour of Achilles, which he had put on. Achilles was therefore forced to wait the making of new, before he could enter the fight; whereof he became very desirous that he might revenge the death of Patroclus his dear friend. At this time Agamemnon reconciled himself unto Achilles, giving him very great gifts, and excusing former matters as well as he might. In the next battle Achilles did so behave himself, that he not only put the Trojans to flight, but also slew the valiant Hector, whom (if Homer may herein be believed) he chased three times

times round the walls of Troy; and tying his dead body to his chariot, dragged him shamefully about the field, and afterwards sold his body to his father Priamus for a very great ransom. But his cruelty and covetousness were not long unrevenge'd, for he was shortly after slain with an arrow by Paris, and his body was ransom'd at the same rate that Hector's had been by him sold for.

Finally, after the death of many worthy persons on each side, the city was taken by night, as all writers agree; but whether by the treason of Æneas and Antenor, or by any stratagem of the Greeks, is uncertain.

A L F R E D.

OF all the Kings of England before the conquest, the most deservedly famous was Alfred, fourth son to Ethelwolf. He was born at a place called Wanading (now Wantage) in Berkshire; his mother Osburga, the daughter of Oslac, the King's cup-bearer, a Goth by nation, and of noble descent.

He was of a person comelier than all his brethren, of pleasing tongue and graceful behaviour, ready wit and memory; yet through the fondness of his parents towards him, he had not been taught to read till the 12th year of his age: But the great desire of learning which was in him, soon appeared by his conning of Saxon poems day and night, which with great attention he heard by others repeated. He

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was besides excellent in hunting, and the new art then of hawking; but more exemplary in devotion, having collected into a book certain prayers and psalms, which he carried ever with him in his bosom to use on all occasions. He thirsted after all liberal knowledge, and often complained that in his youth he had no teachers, and in his middle age so little vacancy from wars and the cares of his kingdom; yet he sometimes found leisure, not only to learn much himself, but to communicate thereof what he could to his people, by translating books of Latin into English, Orosius, Boetius, Beda's history, and others.

At twenty years of age (not yet reigning) he took to wife Egleswitha, the daughter of Ethelred, a Mercian Earl. The extremities which befel him in the 6th year of his reign, Neothan, an abbot told him, were justly come upon him, for neglecting in his younger days the complaints of such as were injured and oppressed, who repaired for redress to him, being then second person in the kingdom; which neglect were yet inexcusable in his youth, through jollity of mind, unwilling perhaps to be detained long with sad and sorrowful narrations: But from the time of his undertaking the regal charge, no man was more patient in hearing causes, more inquisitive in examining, more exact in doing justice, and providing good laws, which are yet extant; more severe in punishing unjust judges and obdurate offenders, thieves especially and robbers, to the terror of whom were hung in cross-ways upon a high post certain chains

chains of gold, as it were daring any one to take them hence: So that justice seemed in his days not to flourish only, but to triumph. No man than he more frugal of two precious things in man's life, his time, and his revenue; no man wiser in the disposal of both. His time, (the day and night) he distributed, by the burning of certain tapers, into three equal portions: The one was for devotion, the other for public or private affairs, the third bodily refreshment: How each hour past, he was put in mind by one who had that office. His whole annual revenue, which his first care was should be justly his own, he divided into two equal parts; the one he employed in secular uses, and subdivided those into three, the first to pay his soldiers, household servants and guards, which being divided into three bands, one attended monthly by turns; the second was to pay his architects and workmen, whom he had got together of several nations, for he was also an elegant builder, above the custom and manner of Englishmen in those days; the third he had in readiness to relieve and honour strangers according to their worth, who came from all parts to see and to live under him. The other equal part of his yearly wealth he dedicated to religious uses: These were of four sorts; the first to relieve the poor, the second to building and maintenance of two monasteries, the third to a school, where he had persuaded the sons of many noblemen to study sacred knowledge and liberal arts, some say at Oxford; the fourth was for relief of foreign churches,

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churches, as far as India, sending thither Sigelm, Bishop of Sherburn, who both returned safe, and brought with him many rich gems and spices.

Thus far, and much more might be said of his noble mind, which rendered him the mirror of Princes; his body was diseased in his youth with a great soreness contracted in a siege, and that ceasing of itself, with another inward pain of unknown cause, which held him by frequent fits to his dying day; yet not disabled to sustain those many glorious labours of his life both in peace and war. He died in the year of our Lord 900, in the 51st year of his age, and the 30th of his reign, and was buried regally at Winchester.

Of the SPANISH ARMADA, called the INVINCIBLE.

IN that memorable year 1588, Philip II. King of Spain, by the instigation of Pope Sixtus Quintus and others, provided a fleet and an army to invade England, which was so vast and formidable, in the opinion of all the world, that they gave it the arrogant name of the Invincible Armada. To these preparations in Spain, the Prince of Parma in the Netherlands assisted, by building many ships and flat-bottomed boats, big enough to carry 30 horses, and having an army in readiness of 103 companies of foot, and 4000 horse; these were to be transported into England, and join the land forces

forces that were to be brought for the same purpose out of Spain; and (which was valued as of greatest force) a consecrated standard of Pope Sixtus V. was sent, who cunningly thought by employing the Spanish arms abroad, to wrest the city of Naples out of their possession.

Queen Elizabeth, to prevent being surprised, employed her utmost care in providing as strong a fleet as she could, and all other necessities for war. The command of the navy she gave to Charles Lord Howard, Lord Admiral of England, and sent him early to the western parts of England, where Drake, whom she made Vice-Admiral, was to join him. The Lord Henry Seymour, son to the Duke of Somerset, she commanded to lie upon the coast of Holland with 40 ships, to prevent the Prince of Parma from putting to sea with his forces to join the Spaniards. For land service, 20,000 men were appointed to attend the southern coast, besides two armies of well disciplined soldiers, the one commanded by the Earl of Leicester, consisting of 1000 horse and 22,000 foot, which encamped at Tilbury; the other under the command of the Lord Hunsdon, consisting of 34,000 foot and 2000 horses, to guard the Queen's person.

The Spanish fleet consisted of 130 ships, in which were 19,290 soldiers, 8350 seamen, 2080 galley-slaves, and 2630 great guns. Don Alphonso Perez de Guzman, Duke of Medina Sidonia, commanded in chief, and under him Jean Martinez de Recalde, an experienced navigator.

On the 19th of May they put to sea, but were disperſed by a tempeſt, and ſo ſhattered and weather-beaten, that the Engliſh concluded that the deſign was at an end for that year; but the Lord Admiral would not truſt to that opinion, and therefore kept his fleet together. July 12th, the Spaniards put to ſea again, and met with another ſtorm, which ſo ſcattered them, that they could hardly re-aſſemble their fleet till they came within ſight of England. The Lord Admiral having certain intelligence that the Spaniſh fleet was in the Channel, and was ſeen off the Lizard-point, towed the fleet out of the harbour, and put to ſea. The next day the Engliſh ſpied them, and ſuffered them to paſs by, that they might chace them before the wind. The next day the Lord Admiral with his own ſhip fell, as he thought, upon the Spaniſh Admiral, tho' it proved to be another ſhip. Soon after Drake, Hawkins, and Forbiſher engaged their rear ſquadron, commanded by Recalde, and ſo ſcattered them, that they were forced to fly into the headmoſt fleet for ſhelter. And now a ſmart fight continued for two hours, which the Lord Admiral thought fit to hold no longer, 40 of his ſhips being not yet come in to him. The 23d, betimes in the morning, the Spaniards tacked about upon the Engliſh, and each fleet ſtriving for the weather-gage, they fought ſmartly, but in great confuſion; what advantage there was fell to the Engliſh.

On the 27th, the Spaniſh fleet came to anchor before Calais, and the Lord Admiral, with
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other squadrons, within cannon shot of them. From thence they sent to the Prince of Parma, to send them 40 fly-boats, and desired him to put to sea with his army, and land in England; but he was not only not ready, but so strictly watched by the Holland and Zealand fleets, that he could not come out, without throwing his fleet and land army into certain destruction. The English squadrons were reinforced by the young gentry, who, out of love to their Queen and Country, had hired ships at their own proper charges, in considerable numbers.

The Admiral seeing the Spaniards were unwilling to hazard a fight, in the dead of the night sent eight fire-ships, under the command of Young and Prowse, into the Spanish fleet; which the Spaniards espying, raised an hideous outcry, weighed anchor, cut their cables, and in great fright and confusion put to sea. A great galleon having broken her rudder, after a sharp fight, wherein the captain was killed, fell into the hands of the English, with a considerable quantity of gold, which was shared amongst the sailors. Drake and Fenner chased the Spanish fleet, and fell upon them as they were gathering together at Graveline.

The last day of the month the wind blowing hard at W. N. W. drove the whole Spanish fleet towards Zealand, and the English seeing them running so fast to their own ruin upon the sand shelves of Zealand, gave over the chase: But the wind shifting to the southward, they escaped that danger, and holding a council of war, resolved to return into Spain.

through the Northern Sea. But some being of opinion that they would return, Queen Elizabeth came to Tilbury, and with a masculine bravery, (a Leader's Truncheon in her hand) rode from rank to rank among the army, where it was a pleasant sight to see how her presence encouraged both her officers and soldiers, who made the heavens echo with their joyful acclamations.

The Spaniards having now thrown off all hopes of coming back again, and placing their safety in their flight, made no stay till they arrived in Spain.—Thus this great, and (falsely called) Invincible Armada, which was, at a vast charge, three whole years fitting out, was in a month's time totally overthrown. Upon which medals were coined in England in memory of this single victory. The King of Spain took his loss patiently, and the Queen of England joyfully; and both of them caused public thanks to be given to God in all their churches: Queen Elizabeth, because it was so well; and King Philip, because it was no worse. Nor was the joy less in Scotland; for that King hearing the news, said merrily, that he expected no other favour from the Spaniards, than that which Polyphemus promised Ulysses, that he should be devoured last.

Of the GUN-POWDER TREASON.

PERHAPS there is hardly in the English history a more memorable event than of the

the gunpowder treason, the defeat of which is every year commemorated on the 5th of November. It was a dangerous plot against the blood-royal, and all the nobility and gentry assembled in Parliament, who were to have been all blown up and destroyed by the blast of 36 barrels of gunpowder, which the conspirators had placed in a cellar under the Parliament-house.

The principal conspirator was Robert Catesby, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune, who first contrived the stratagem, and communicated it to Thomas Piercy, Robert Winter, Thomas Winter, John Grant, Ambrose Rockwood, John Wright, Francis Terlbem, Sir Everard Digby, and other gentlemen of good estates, who like combustible matter took fire at the first motion, and thought to gain themselves eternal reputation amongst the Papists by effecting it. The foundation being laid, every man betakes himself to his post, being sworn to secrecy. Piercy was to hire the cellar under the Parliament-house to lay wood and coals in for a winter-store. Guida Faux, a desperate villain, who was to fire the train, was appointed to bring in the wood and coals. The gunpowder was provided in Flanders, brought to Lambeth by night, and secretly laid under the wood, whilst others were providing money and materials to carry on their design, when the blow should be given.

The King and Prince they looked upon as already dead, and Piercy undertook to destroy the Duke of York; but because they must have

have one of the blood-royal to prevent confusion, they intended to preserve Lady Elizabeth, and make her Queen, that under her minority they might re-establish popery. They had designed the fatal day to be on the 5th of November, when the King and both houses were to meet; and on that day appointed a great hunting match at Dunsmore-heath, in Warwickshire, to be near the Lord Harrington's house, where the Lady Elizabeth was. Thus imagining their under-ground treasons were undiscovered by heaven itself, they stood gaping for their prey; when behold one more tender-hearted than the rest, willing to save the Lord Monteagle, wrote the following letter to him:

" My Lord,

OUT of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care for your preservation; therefore I would wish you (as you tender your life) to forbear your attendance at this Parliament, for God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time: And think not slightly of this advertisement; for though there be no appearance of any stir, yet I say they shall receive a terrible blow this Parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurt them. This council is not to be contemned, because it may do you good, and can do you no harm, for the danger is past as soon as you have burnt this letter. I hope God will give you grace to make use of it, to whose holy protection I commend you."

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The Lord Monteagle, astonished at this letter, though he knew not the meaning of it, communicated it to the Earl of Salisbury, and others of the King's Privy-council. Salisbury could not unriddle it, but concluded that the man who wrote it, was either a fool or a madman, from this expression,—*the danger is past as soon as you will have burnt this letter.* The King was hunting at Royston while they were laying this snare for him at Westminster. As soon as he came to Whitehall, the Earl of Salisbury shewed him the letter. The King considering it, said, it was not wrote by a fool or a madman, but imported some danger; and his fears exciting his care, he commanded the Lord Suffolk to make a strict search about the Parliament-house; who, accompanied with the Lord Monteagle, entered the cellar, and finding it crammed with wood and coals, asked Whinyard of the wardrobe (who was house-keeper) to whom that fuel belonged? He said he had let the cellar to Mr Thomas Piercy, one of the gentlemen-pensioners to the King: Close by, in a corner of the cellar, stood Faux, who being questioned what he did there, said he was Piercy's servant. The Lord Monteagle, as soon as he heard Piercy named, believed it was he that wrote the letter to him: Upon which there growing further suspicion, the King and Council ordered the cellar to be searched again the same night by Sir Thomas Knevit, one of the gentlemen of his Privy-chamber; who, with a retinue, coming into the cellar, met Faux at the door, and seized him,

him, who seeing that all was discovered by this providential search, confessed the whole design, and was only sorry it was prevented, saying, " God would have concealed it, and " the Devil discovered it." In his pocket they found a watch, to know exactly to a minute when the fatal stroke was to be struck, and a tinder-box: But upon his examination, he would say no more, than that he was sorry it was not done. The conspirators discovered themselves; for finding that the gunpowder was seized, they repaired to the hunting match at Dunsmore; but being pursued and attacked, some of them died in resistance, others of them were taken and executed.

Of OLIVER CROMWELL.

OLIVER CROMWELL was born in the town of Huntingdon, of a good family in that county. He had an university education, tho' nothing of a scholar. When the civil war broke out, he sided with the Parliament; and his first employment in the army was a Captain of horse, whence by degrees he rose to be Lieut. General, under the Earl of Manchester; in which post he was the chief instrument in gaining the battle of Marston-Moor, which proved the first remarkable stop to the King's success. Some time after the Earl of Manchester having refused to give an order to Cromwell, to charge a party of horse where the King was personally present, he
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came up to London to complain against him, though he owed his advancement chiefly to his favour; which the Earl having notice of, and being by that time weary of a war, of which he foresaw the fatal consequences, he took that opportunity to lay down his command, wherein he was succeeded by Cromwell. Sir Thomas Fairfax also laying down his command some time after, he was declared General of all the forces raised or to be raised by the Parliament; and having modelled the Parliament and the Army to his own mind, he dismissed the former when he had no more occasion for them; and upon their forced resignation, assumed the supreme power, under the title of Protector.

Being thus mounted to so high a pinnacle of fortune, he became more formidable, both at home and abroad, than most Princes that had ever sat upon the English throne; and it was said, that Cardinal Mazarine would change countenance whenever he heard him named; so that it passed into a proverb in France, that the Cardinal was not so much afraid of the Devil as of Oliver Cromwell. He had a manly, stern look, and was of an active, healthful constitution, able to bear the greatest toil and fatigue, brave in his person, and wary in his conduct; and being conscious of what he had done to disoblige his friends and enrage his enemies, he always, from the time he was first declared Protector, wore a coat of mail under his cloaths, and always went armed. His conversation among his friends was diverting; but in public, grave and reserved. He was sparing
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in his diet ; but sometimes, when he knew his company, would drink freely, though never to excess. He writ but an indifferent hand, but his stile was masculine, except he had a mind to cant and wheedle under the mask of religion, which he could do to the life, when his affairs required it. If he came to hear of a man fit to serve his purposes, though never so obscure, he would have him at any price. In matters of greatest moment, he trusted none but his Secretary Thurlo, and sometimes not him ; an instance of which Thurlo used to tell himself, that he was commanded by Cromwell to go, at a certain hour, into Gray's Inn Walks, and at such a place deliver a bill of 20,000*l.* payable to the bearer at Genoa, to a man whom he should find walking in such a habit and posture as he described, without speaking one word to him ; which accordingly Thurlo did, and never knew either the person or the occasion.

At another time the Protector coming in late at night into Thurlo's office, and beginning to give him directions about business of great importance and secrecy, he took notice that Mr Moreland, one of the clerks, (afterwards Sir Samuel Moreland) was in the room, which he had not observed before, and fearing that he might have over-heard their discourse, though he seemed to be asleep upon his desk, he drew a poynard, which he always carried under his coat, and was going to dispatch Moreland upon the spot, had not Thurlo, with great intreaties, prevailed upon him to desist, assuring him that Moreland had sat up two nights, and was now
certainly

certainly asleep. But his greatest policy was in the number of his spies and intelligencers ; by which means there was not the smallest accident that befel King Charles II. in his exile, that he did not know perfectly well ; insomuch as, that having given leave to an English gentleman to travel, upon condition that he should not see Charles Stuart, he asked at his return, if he had punctually obeyed his command ? which the other affirming he had, Cromwell replied, “ ’Tis true, you did not see him ; for “ to keep your word with me, you agreed to “ meet him in the dark, the candles being put “ out to that end :” And withal told him the particulars that passed between the King and him at their meeting. That he had spies about King Charles was not strange ; but his intelligence reached the most secret transactions of other Princes, and when the matter was communicated but to very few, of which we have a notable instance in the business of Dunkirk.

There was an article in the treaty between France and the Protector, that if Dunkirk was taken, it should immediately be delivered up to the English, and accordingly his Ambassador, Lockhart, had orders to take it into his possession. When the French army, being joined with the English auxiliaries, was on its march to invest the town, Cromwell sent for the French Ambassador to Whitehall, and upbraided him publicly for his master’s designed breach of promise, in giving secret orders to the French General to keep possession of Dunkirk, in case it was taken, contrary to the

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treaty

treaty between them. The Ambassador protested he knew nothing of the matter, as indeed he did not, and begged leave to assure him there was no such thing thought of; upon which Cromwell pulling a paper out of his pocket, "Here, says he, is a copy of the Cardinal's order; I desire you to dispatch an express immediately, to let him know that I am not to be imposed upon; and that if he deliver not up the keys of the town of Dunkirk to Lockhart within an hour after it shall be taken, I'll come in person and demand them at the gates of Paris." There were but four persons privy to this order, the Queen Mother, the Cardinal, the Mareschal de Turenne, and a Secretary.

The Cardinal for a long time blamed the Queen, as if she might possibly have tattled it to some of her women; whereas it was found after the Secretary's death, that he had kept a secret correspondence with Cromwell for several years: Which is no wonder, for in Thurlo's office there was one that held correspondence with King Charles, and never was known till after the restoration.

Few Princes ever bore their character higher than Oliver Cromwell upon all occasions, especially in his treaties with crowned heads: And it is a thing without example, that is mentioned by Puffendorf, in the life of the late Elector of Brandenburg, that in Cromwell's league with France against Spain, he would not allow the French King to call himself King of France, but of the French; whereas he

he took upon himself, not only the title of Protector of England, but likewise of France : And what is yet more surprising, the Protector's name in that treaty was before the King's. In all his actions he seemed to value himself upon his care of the public ; yet notwithstanding all his specious pretences, he invaded and betrayed the liberties of his country, and acted more tyrannical and arbitrary parts than all the Kings of England together had done since the Norman invasion.

ATYS and PHRYNE.

THERE was an old man, whose name was Sophronius, who had two children, a son and a daughter. The name of the son was Atys ; the daughter was called Phryne.

It happened that as these two were one day playing together, they found a looking-glass which was in the mother's bed-chamber ; and looking into it, they discovered that Atys was extremely handsome, but Phryne very deformed.

The boy was not a little proud of this : He immediately began to entertain a very high opinion of himself, and to despise his sister. He was always talking of his own beauty, and putting Phryne in mind of her deformities. He would run to the glass every minute, and call upon his sister to observe how differently they appeared in it : In short, he omitted nothing which might create a mortification to his

sister, or improve the opinion which he thought every body entertained of the comeliness of his person.

Phryne, grieved to find herself the constant subject of her brother's mirth, at length complained to her father of his behaviour. The old man, who had a tender affection for them both, and was sorry to find there was any quarrel between his children, thought this was a proper occasion to bestow some good advice upon them. After having kissed them both,—If, said he, Atys, you find by looking into the glass, that Nature has bestowed an handsome face upon you, I would have you by all means endeavour to render your inward accomplishments answerable to such an outside: Let your actions be handsome as well as your person. And you, said he, my dear Phryne, if you cannot recommend yourself by your beauty, you may by your behaviour: The world will pardon the defects of your person, if they find you are not wanting in the perfections of the mind.

A MERCHANT'S Two SONS.

THERE was a certain merchant who had two sons; the eldest of whom being of an evil disposition, did usually behave with great hatred and spitefulness towards the younger, who was of a temper more mild and gentle. It happened that the old gentleman having by his trade acquired a large estate, left it by his will

will to his eldest son, together with all his ships and his flock in merchandise, willing him to continue on the business, and to support his brother. But he was no sooner dead, than the elder began more plainly than ever to discover his ill-will towards his brother, and with great cruelty put him out of the house; and without giving him any thing for his support, turned him loose into the wide world. The young man, much grieved with his usage; yet considering that in his father's life-time he had acquired some knowledge in business, applying himself to a neighbouring merchant, offered to serve him in the way of trade. The merchant received him into his house; and finding him to be useful and diligent in business, bestowed upon him in marriage his daughter, who was his only child; and when he died, bequeathed to him his whole fortune. The young man, after the death of his father-in-law, retired with his wife into a distant country, where he purchased a noble house, and lived with great credit and reputation.

The elder brother had after the death of their father carried on the trade, and for some time met with great success in it: But at length a violent storm arising, tore to pieces many of his ships, which were coming home richly laden; and about the same time some persons failing, who had much of his money in their hands, he was reduced to great want. And to complete his misfortunes, the little which he had left at home, was consumed by a sudden fire, which burnt his house, and every thing

that was in it ; so that he was brought quite into a state of beggary.

In this forlorn condition, he had no other resource to keep himself from starving, than to wander up and down the country, imploring the assistance of well-disposed persons. It happened one day, that having travelled many miles, and obtained little relief, he espied a gentleman walking in the fields not far from a fine seat. To this gentleman he addressed himself ; and having laid before him his misfortunes, and his present necessitous condition, he earnestly intreated him for some assistance. The gentleman, who was indeed his younger brother, did not at first recollect him ; but after some discourse with him, he perceived that it was his brother. However, concealing his knowledge of him, he directed him to follow him home, and when they came in, he ordered the servants to take care of him, and to furnish him for that night with lodgings and victuals. In the mean while, he resolved in his own mind to make himself known to him the next morning, and to make an offer to him of a constant habitation and allowance in his house. But first discoursing the matter over with his wife, she, who was a woman of much benevolence, came entirely into the proposal. Accordingly the next morning he ordered the poor man to be sent for. When he was come into his presence, he asked if he knew him. The poor man answered, he did not. I am, says he, bursting into tears, your brother, and immediately fell upon his neck with great tenderness.

tendernefs: The elder, quite aftonifhed at this accident, fell to the ground, and began to make many excufes, and to beg pardon for his former cruel behaviour. To whom the other answered, Brother, let us forget thofe things; I heartily forgive you all that is paff. You need not range up and down the world in this diftreffed condition: You fhall be welcome to live with me. He accepted this propofal, and they lived together in plenty and in great friendship till death.

CONSTANTIA and THEODOSIUS.

CONSTANTIA was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who having arrived at great riches by his own induftry, took delight in nothing but his money. Theodofius was the younger fon of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the 20th year of his age, he became acquainted with Conftantia, who had not then paffed her 15th. As he lived but a few miles diftant from her father's houfe, he had frequent opportunities of feeing her; and by the advantages of a good perfon and a pleafing converfation, made fuch an impreffion on her heart, as it was impoffible for time to efface. He was himfelf no lefs fmitten with Conftantia. A long acquaintance made them ftill difcover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raifed in them that mutual
 paffion,

passion, which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship between Theodosius and Constantia, there broke out an irreconcilable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of Constantia was so incensed at the father of Theodosius, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, insomuch that he forbid him his house, and charged his daughter upon her duty never to see him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the two lovers, who he knew entertained secret hopes of some favourable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of a good fortune, and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon as an husband for his daughter. He soon concerted this affair so well, that he told Constantia, it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. Constantia, who was over-awed with the authority of her father, and unable to object to any thing against so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a profound silence, which her father commended in her, as the most decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an overture of that kind.

The noise of this intended marriage soon reached Theodosius, who, after a long tumult of passions, which naturally rise in a lover's heart on such an occasion, wrote the following letter to Constantia:—

“THE

THE thoughts of my Constantia, which for some years has been my only happiness, is now become a greater torment to me than I am able to bear. Must I then live to see you another's? The streams, the fields and meadows, where we have so often walked together, grow painful to me; life itself is become a burthen. May you long be happy in the world, but forget that there was ever such a man in it as

THEODOSIUS.

This letter was conveyed to Constantia that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next morning she was much more alarmed by two or three messengers that came to her father's house, one after another, to enquire if they had heard any thing of Theodosius, who it seems had left his chamber about midnight, and could no where be found. The deep melancholy which had hung upon his mind some time before, made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. Constantia, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to such extremities, was not to be comforted; she now accused herself for having so tamely given an ear to the proposal of an husband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of Theodosius: In short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage that appeared to her so full of guilt and horror. The father seeing himself entirely rid of Theodosius, and
likely

likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at this obstinate refusal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that account to his intended son-in-law, who had all along regarded his alliance rather as a marriage of convenience than of love. Constantia had now no relief but in her devotions and exercises of religion, to which her afflictions had so entirely subjected her mind, that after some years had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly, in the 25th year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a sisterhood of nuns, among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a Father of a convent, who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and as it is usual in the Romish church for those who are under any great affliction or trouble of mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent confessors for pardon and consolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated Father.

We must now return to Theodosius, who the very morning that the above-mentioned enquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious house in the same city where now
Constantia

Constantia resided ; and desiring that secrecy and concealment of the fathers of the convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary occasion, he made himself one of the order, with a private vow never to enquire after Constantia, whom he looked upon as given away to his rival, upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his sanctity of life, and those pious sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom Constantia had determined to apply herself in confession, though neither she, nor any other, besides the prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable Theodosius had now taken upon himself the name of Father Francis, and was so far concealed in a long beard, a shaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impossible to discover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning shut up in his confessional, Constantia, kneeling by him, opened the state of her soul to him ; and after having given him the history of a life full of innocence, she burst out into tears, and entered upon that part of her story, in which he himself had so great a share. My behaviour, says she, has, I fear, been the death of a man, who had no other fault, but that of loving too much. Heaven
only

only knows how dear he was to me whilst he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me since his death. She here paused, and lifted up her eyes, that streamed with tears, towards the Father, who was so moved with the sense of her sorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broke with sighs and sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions; and in a flood of tears, poured out her heart before him. The Father could not forbear weeping aloud, insomuch that in the agonies of his grief, the seat shook under him. Constantia, who thought the good man was thus moved by his compassion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmost contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper atonement for her sins, and the only sacrifice she could make to the memory of Theodosius. The Father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again in tears upon hearing that name, to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this instance of an unparalleled fidelity, from one who he thought had several years since given herself up to the possession of another. Amidst the interruptions of his sorrow, seeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her, from time to time, be comforted—to tell her that her sins were forgiven—that her guilt was not so great as she apprehended—that she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above measure. After which he recovered

recovered himself enough to give her the absolution in form, directing her at the same time to repair to him the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious resolutions she had taken, and give her suitable exhortations for her behaviour. Constantia retired, and the next morning renewed her applications. Theodosius having manned his soul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted himself on this occasion in the best manner he could, to animate his penitent in the course of life she was entering upon, and wear out of her mind those groundless fears and apprehensions which had taken possession of it; concluding with a promise to her, that he would, from time to time, continue his admonitions, when she should have taken upon her the holy veil. The rules of our respective orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you; but you may assure yourself not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving such frequent instructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on cheerfully in the glorious course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a peace and satisfaction in your mind, which is not in the power of the world to give.

Constantia's heart was so elevated with the discourse of Father Francis, that the very next day she entered upon her vow. As soon as the solemnity of her reception was over, she retired, as it is usual, with the Abbess into her own apartment.

The Abbess had been informed the night before, of all that passed between her novice and

and Father Francis: From whom she now delivered to her the following letter:—

‘ AS the first fruits of those joys and consolations which you may expect from the life you are now engaged in, I must acquaint you, that Theodosius, whose death sits so heavy upon your thoughts, is still alive; and that the Father to whom you have confessed yourself, was once that Theodosius whom you so much lament. The love which we have had for one another, will make us more happy in its disappointment, than it could have done in its success. Providence has disposed of us for our advantage, though not according to our wishes. Consider your Theodosius still as dead, but assure yourself of one who will not cease to pray for you in Father

FRANCIS.’

Constantia saw that the hand-writing agreed with the contents of the letter; and upon reflecting on the voice, the person, the behaviour, and above all, the extreme sorrow of the Father, during her confession, she discovered Theodosius in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy, it is enough, said she, Theodosius is still in being; I shall live with comfort, and die in peace.

The letters which the Father sent her afterwards, are yet extant in the nunnery where she resided, and are often read to the young religious, in order to inspire them with good resolutions

resolutions and sentiments of virtue. It happened, that after Constantia had lived about ten years in the cloysters, a violent fever broke out in the place, which swept away great multitudes, and among others Theodosius. Upon his death-bed he sent his benediction in a very moving manner to Constantia, who at that time was so far gone in the same fatal distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the interval which generally precedes death in sickness of this nature, the abbess finding that the physicians had given her over, told her that Theodosius had just gone before, and that he had sent her his benediction in his last moments. Constantia received it with pleasure; and now, says she, if I do not ask any thing improper, let me be buried by Theodosius: My vow reaches no farther than the grave. What I ask, is, I hope, no violation of it.—She died soon after, and was interred according to her request. Their tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin inscription over them, to the following purport:—

*“ HERE lie the bodies of Father Francis and
“ Sister Constance. They were lovely in their
“ lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.”*

*Of the Necessity of unbending the Mind sometimes
by innocent Recreations.*

MR Locke acquaints us, that Anthony
Athley, the first Earl of Shaftesbury,

was wont to say, that there were two men in every man, to wit, the wise, and the foolish; and that each of them must be allowed his turn. If the wise, the grave, the serious should always rule and bear sway, the fool would grow so peevish and troublesome, that he would put the wise man out of order, and make him fit for nothing: The fool must have his times of being let loose, to follow his fancies, and play his gambols, if you would have your business go on smoothly. The mind has need of being relieved, at times, from the fatigue of grave and serious studies; and may not, more than a bow, be always bent. To this purpose I remember somewhere to have read the following passage, viz. John the Divine having reprov'd some young men for employing too much time upon archery, was himself observed to be playing with a bird in the window of his closet; and one of these youths, who was better acquainted with him than the rest, having adventured to challenge the great man, for being too much taken up with a childish toy; the Divine asked,—What have you in your hand? The youth answered, it is my bow. Lend it me, said the Divine. And when going to lock it up in his closet, the young man demanded it; because, said he, I have present use for it. Come again in a little time, said the Divine, and you shall have it. The young man replied,—Oh, Sir, it is bended. What then? said the Divine. If it stand so any time, answered the young man, it will prove useless. Hereupon he gave back the

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the bow, and said, neither can my Spirit be always bent; it must sometimes be slackened by innocent diversions.

Of INSECTS.

FLIES and Caterpillars, Wasps and Bees, and many other insects, when they come out of the egg, are no more than little worms, some without, and others with feet. The little worm, in process of time, ceases to feed, and incloses itself in a kind of small sepulchre, that varies according to the nature of the animal, but is built by each species in an uniform manner: And there, under a foldage that preserves the extreme delicacy of its texture from all injury, it acquires a new conception, and a second birth. It is then called a Nymph, which signifies a young bride, because the insect in that period puts on its beautiful attire, and assumes the last form in which it is to multiply its species by generation. This form is called the Chrysalis, or the Auralie, or Golden Nymph; because the little film, whether hard or tender, with which it is invested, is by degrees tinged with a very bright and glowing colour. When the time of enlargement from its sepulchre comes, at last the little worm becomes a flying insect, and retains no similitude of its former condition: The caterpillar, which is changed into a nymph, and the butterfly, which proceeds from it, are two animals entirely different: The first was altogether

terrestrial, and crawled heavily along the ground; the second is agility itself, and is so far from limiting its motions to the earth, that it, in some measure, disdains to repose on its lap: The first was all shaggy, and frequently of an hideous aspect; the other is arrayed in colours of the most beautiful glow: The former stupidly confines itself to a gross food; whereas this ranges from flower to flower, regales itself with honey and dews, and perpetually varies its pleasure: This new animal enjoys all nature, and is itself one of her amiable embellishments.

Of B I R D S.

WE see a surprising imitation of reason in several animals; but it no where appears in a more sensible manner than in the industry of birds in building their nests. What master has taught them that they have need of nests? Who has informed them to prepare them in time, and how to build them? What tender mother has advised them to cover the bottom with a soft and delicate substance, such as down and cotton? And when these fail, to pluck off so many feathers from their own breasts with their beaks, as are requisite for the preparing a convenient cradle for their young. The swallow does not, like other birds, build its nest with little bits of sticks and stubble, but employs cement and mortar. Now reduce, if it is possible, the ablest architect

to

to this small bulk of the swallow, leave him all his knowledge, and only a beak, and see if he will have the same skill, and the like success. Who has made all the birds comprehend that they must hatch their eggs by sitting upon them? that this necessity was indispensable? Who hath advertised them to assist the young, that are already formed, in coming out of the egg, by first breaking the shell? All the birds take care of their young, till they are in a condition to provide for themselves; yea, several of them retain food and water in their gullet, without swallowing either the one or the other, thus preserving them for their young, to whom this first preparation serves instead of milk. Wonderful industry!

Another subject of admiration in birds is, that a passage through the air, which has been denied to other animals, is open to them. We observe them all flying in a different manner, though they have but two wings each. Some launch away in repeated springs, and advance by successive boundings; others seem to glide through the air, or cleave it with an equal and uniform progress. These always skim over the earth, those are capable of soaring up to the clouds. You will see some who know how to diversify their flight, to ascend in a right, oblique, or circular line, to suspend themselves and continue motionless in an element lighter than themselves; after this to start into an horizontal motion, and then precipitate themselves in an instant like a descending stone. In a word, they transport themselves, without opposition

or

or hazard, wherever their necessities or pleasures invite them. In examining the feathers of birds, we find the feathers of the swans, and other river-fowls, proof against the water, and continue always dry; and yet our eyes do not discover either the artifice or difference of them. In the feet of the same birds we observe webs or films; the end for which they were designed, they distinctly find out. We may be astonished to see these birds so sure, that they run no hazard by throwing themselves into the water; whereas others, to whom God hath not given the like feathers or feet, are never so rash as to expose themselves to it. Who hath told the former that they run no danger, and who keeps back the others from following their example? The ducklings that have been hatched under a hen, take to the water as soon as they come out of the shell, nor can their pretended mother prevent them by her clocking: She stands upon the banks in astonishment at their rashness, and still more at the success of it: She finds herself violently tempted to follow them, and warmly expresses her impatience; but nothing is capable of carrying her to an indiscretion which God hath forbid her. The birds are all nourished by one common father. He opens the great magazine of the fields, where they are all accommodated according to their necessities. There they find caterpillars and worms for their young. The atmosphere likewise supplies them, to a very considerable height, with innumerable flies and gnats; the generality of which are imperceptible.

tible to our view. When the density of the air causes these little insects to descend, the birds lower their flight and descend in proportion. The earth also furnishes them with beetles, snails, and seeds of all kinds, which are their food when they are advanced in strength: Even frogs, lizards, serpents, and those very animals we apprehend to be most pernicious, are a delicious regale for storks, and a variety of other tribes. God opens his hand, and every animal lives. The divine bounty to us is displayed, in that those birds that are detrimental to us, and those with whose existence we can easily dispense, are the species who multiply the least. On the contrary, those whose flesh is most salutary, and whose eggs afford the best nourishment, are fruitful to a prodigy. The hen alone is a treasure for man, and daily makes him a present extremely valuable. The travelling birds have all their appointed time, which they do not pass; but this time is not the same for every species: Some wait for the winter, others the spring, some the summer, and others the autumn. There is among every sort a public and general rule of government, which guides and retains every single bird in its duty. Before the general edict, there is none thinks of departing; after its publication, there is no one tarries behind. A kind of council fixes upon the day, and grants a certain time to prepare for it: After which they all take their flight; and so exact is their discipline, that the next day there is not a straggler nor deserter to be found. Several people know

know no other bird but the swallow that acts thus; but the fact is certain concerning several other kinds. Now, I ask, though we had but the single instance of the swallow, what news have they received from the countries whither they go in great companies, to be assured that they shall find all things there prepared for their reception? I ask, why they do not keep, like other birds, to the country where they have brought up their young, which have been so kindly treated in it? By what disposition to travel does this new brood, which knows no other than its native country, conspire all at once to quit it? In what language is the ordinance published, which forbids all, both old and young, subjects of the republic, to tarry beyond a certain day? And, lastly, by what signs do the principal magistrates know that they should run an extreme hazard in exposing themselves to be prevented by a rigorous season? What other answer can be given to these questions than that of the prophet, — *O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all?**

Remarks from the Copernican System of the World.

COPERNICUS was born at Thorn, a city of Poland, about the end of the fifteenth century. According to him, the heavens and the stars, with regard to us, are perfectly at rest; and the motions by us ascribed to them, proceed

* See *Speclacle de la Nature*.

proceed only from the earth, which moves on
 its axis, and is with the other planets carried
 away from west to east, round the Sun as their
 common center. He supposes that all these
 planets move round the Sun in a greater or less
 time, in proportion as they are more or less
 distant from it. Mercury, being nearest the
 Sun, makes his revolution round about him in
 three months; Venus, in eight months; the
 Earth, in a year; Mars, in two years; Jupi-
 ter, in twelve years; and Saturn, the remotest
 of all the planets, completes his course about
 the Sun in about thirty years. Copernicus
 places the fixed stars beyond all these planets,
 at so great a distance from the earth, that thirty
 millions of leagues are an inconsiderable length,
 if put in comparison with it. He supposes the
 moon to be the inseparable companion of the
 earth, going along with the earth, round the
 sun, in the space of a year; but in the mean
 time, she has a proper orbit of her own, where-
 in she moves round the earth in a month's
 time. Moons, or Satellites, have been dis-
 covered, since his time, by the help of teler-
 scopes, which move round the planets, Jupiter
 and Saturn; whilst they are carried round the
 sun in like manner as the moon moves round
 the earth. Besides the annual circulation of
 the earth round the sun, Copernicus supposes,
 that the earth has also a vertiginous motion
 round its axis, as on itself, from the west to
 the east, in twenty-four hours; and that, in
 consequence of this motion, all the heavenly
 bodies must seem to turn round the earth in
 twenty-four

twenty-four hours from east to west. The axis of a globe is a line passing through the center of it from one point of its superficies to the opposite point, like a needle run directly through an orange. The two points in which the axis meets with the surface of the earth, are called the poles of the earth. Now, the earth by turning round in twenty-four hours from west to east, upon this line or axis, or on itself, does successively cause every point of its body turn towards and from the sun; so that the part towards the sun is always lightened, whilst the other lies dark. But as we do not perceive that motion of the earth which is the cause of our approaching nearer and nearer to the sun, till noon, and then of our departing farther and farther from it, till midnight, we are apt to think the motion to be in the sun and in the heavens, and not in our earth, mistaking an apparent for a real motion: Therefore, to explain it a little, we must suppose a passenger sitting in a boat sailing eastward with a swift and uniform motion; to him the houses and trees on the water-side, though immoveable, will seem to be moving westward: On the contrary, the boat in which he is carried, though moving swiftly, will seem to him to be immoveable; because, by an unvariable rule of nature, we see those objects only to move, whose images change their places in our eye. Now, according to this rule, all objects he looks upon without the boat, must needs seem to him to be in motion, because the images of these objects are continually changing their places

places in his eyes, as he is carried along with the boat towards, or from them. On the other hand, all the objects in the boat he looks upon, will seem to him immoveable, though really in motion; because all those objects abiding in the same place, order, and situation, both among themselves and with regard to him, the images of them in his eyes cannot change their place, but must appear to him perfectly fixed and unmoved, though they are really moving with the same degree of motion as the boat. Now, apply this observation to the system of nature, thus: The earth, though constantly advancing in a great circle round the sun, and making every twenty-four hours a whole revolution on itself, will appear to us who are carried away with it, perfectly unmoveable; because all the objects we see on the earth, being always in the same place and order, both among themselves, and with regard to us, the images or pictures of them painted on the reticular coat, or retina of our eyes, will never change their place at any time: On the contrary, the sun and stars, far without the boundaries of our earth, though constantly fixed in one place, without ever leaving it, will appear to us perpetually coming up or down, according as their images come up and place themselves in the lower or higher part of our eyes: And as we, with the earth, are moving from west to east; so the heavens, sun, and stars will appear to us to be moving from east to west. The earth, in its annual course round the sun, runs through the twelve Asterisms,

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or

or signs of the Zodiac, which limit her course in that her great annual circle. Their order and names are as follow : Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, and Pisces.

Three of them are assigned to each season of the year ; the first three to the spring, the second three to the summer, the next to the autumn, and the last three to winter. Each sign is divided into thirty degrees ; in all, three hundred and sixty. The earth proceeds in this grand circle of its course round the sun somewhat more than one of these degrees every day. When it arrives at Aries in the spring, and Libra in autumn, our days and nights are alike long. When it comes to the tropic of Cancer, we have the longest day ; when at Capricorn, the shortest. The axis of the earth being ever in the same position, causes the inequality of days in the different climates, and the orderly return of the seasons.

Pythagoras, who had travelled into the east in quest of knowledge, on his return into Greece, above five hundred years before Christ, introduced this opinion of the earth's moving round the sun : But it was always rejected as absurd, till Copernicus, near two thousand years after Pythagoras, ruminating upon it again, and, after thirty years assiduous labour, cleared it perfectly ; and, by his observations, found it wholly agreeable to the state of the heavens. Hence it is deservedly called the system of Copernicus ; and is now generally approved

approved by the learned, as being more agreeable to reason, than to conceive the sun, a body a million times bigger than the earth, to revolve round the earth in an immense space, and with inconceivable rapidity, every twenty-four hours. This study, though it is not certain and evident in itself, does notwithstanding extremely satisfy the mind, by laying a system before it which explains all the effects of nature in a sensible and rational manner; and, at the same time, expresses to us the infinite greatness, power, and wisdom of God. By means of telescopes, the modern philosophers have made such discoveries in the heavens, as, though very certain to them, will always appear chimerical to the generality of mankind. According to these astronomers, the sun is a million times bigger than the earth, and Saturn four thousand. The distance of the earth, and the other planets, from the sun, is no less incredible. A cannon-ball, say they, in going from the earth to the sun, if it always keeps its first degree of velocity, would take up twenty-five years. Now, a cannon-ball runs six hundred feet in the second of a minute: Supposing then, that it should constantly preserve the same velocity with which it passed the first six hundred feet, after its coming out of the cannon, it would move one hundred and eighty leagues in one hour; and consequently, in passing from the earth to the sun, it would travel over thirty-nine millions four hundred and twenty thousand leagues, which, upon this supposition, is the

distance from the sun; and the distance of Saturn from the sun must be fixed in proportion.

The distance of the fixed stars from the sun, and their bigness, are still more inconceivable.

Every one of these fixed stars, according to them, is a sun: And there is reason to believe, say they, of no less bigness, light, and glory, than that which enlightens us; each of those suns being constantly attended with a number of planets peculiar to himself, which in different periods, and at different distances, perform their circulations round him, and constitute so many particular worlds or systems; every sun doing the same office to his proper planets in enlightening, warming, and cherishing them, that our sun performs in the system to which we belong.

Those stars, or suns, which are nearest to us, are notwithstanding so far removed from our sun, that a cannon-ball, moved with the velocity above-mentioned, would take up above six hundred thousand years to pass over the space which lies betwixt those stars or suns, and our sun. What is a man, a city, a kingdom, or the earth itself in its whole extent, but an imperceptible point, in comparison of those vast bodies; whose immense magnitude surpasses all imagination? What is then the whole world itself in comparison of him who created it by a single word; *He spake, and they were made?* *Is. xl. 12, 13, 27.*

Of
leaves which upon this supposition is the
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Of FRUGALITY.

IT is reported of Plato, that seeing once a young spendthrift eating bread and water at the door of an inn where he had squandered his estate, the philosopher could not help saying, 'Young man, if you had dined moderately, you need not have supped so poorly.' There have been some idle enough to insinuate, that frugality is too low and narrow a quality to deserve the attention of great minds. But reason evinces, and experience assures us, that the greatest men in all ages have been frugal : And indeed, if there were nothing else to encourage the practice of this virtue, we might well recommend it from hence, that the habit of it renders men just. A spirit of frugality is the strongest and most efficacious remedy against corruption. A man who knows how to manage his fortune prudently, will be independent, though that fortune be but small ; for having once acquired the art of governing himself and his affairs, there will be no temptation strong enough to induce him to give up that liberty which he thereby possesses. Frugality is the best engineer for throwing up those works which are intended to keep off misfortunes : A small reserve is the best medicine in the world on the falling of unforeseen calamity : Besides, the practice of this virtue enables a man to live upon a little, if, in spite of all honest precautions, he should, through the strokes of fortune, have but little left. He who by his prudent management has acquired

a small bank, has it in his power to serve his friends, and to do great kindnesses to others, with no inconvenience to himself; which is one of the highest and most rational pleasures a man can enjoy. A frugal man hath at all times his faculties clear, and knows when and how to take opportunity by the foretop.

It is no shame to raise a great fortune from a small one, provided it be done honestly: And that this may be done, if we consider how soon a large fortune may be reduced to nothing, will appear feasible; for if it is folly, extravagance, and carelessness that induce this, why should not wisdom, frugality, and attention effect that?

I will conclude with a very true story of Cosmo de Medicis, Grand Duke of Tuscany, concerning whom, on account of his prodigious wealth, it was rumoured that he had the art of transmutation. A noble Venetian, who, though he had but a small fortune, was extremely well recommended to his Highness, and by his polite behaviour added daily to his credit at court, one day fairly put the question, and asked the Duke, if he had the philosopher's stone, or not? My friend, said the Duke, I have; and because I have a great regard for you, I will give you the receipt in few words.

‘ I never bid another do that which I can
 ‘ do myself; I never put off till to-morrow
 ‘ that which may be done to-day; nor do I
 ‘ ever think any matter so trivial as not to
 ‘ deserve notice.” The Venetian thanked his
 Serene Highness for his secret; and, by ob-
 serving

serving his rules, acquired a great estate. How well should I be pleased if the reader would do the like.

Of profane Swearing and Imprecations.

THE folly of this prevailing vice of the Age, is thus admirably described by a considerable master of learning and language:— Custom, says he, has made this vice fashionable, but neither civil nor lawful; for vice can never plead prescription. I know it lies under the protection of numbers, and quality; but ill things have no right to sanctuary. Because vermin swarm, must they be permitted to increase? Shall the number of felons plead for pardon? No, no; customariness of ill things makes them worse, and the more they must be discountenanced, and taught discipline. Whatever jars with religion, and cuts upon good-breeding, is below a gentleman. Such expressions grate the ear, and turn the very faculty of hearing into a burden; they are high symptoms of a lewd inclination, and of a depraved complexion; for when the breath smells rank, the stomach is infected. In short, such jargon is a breach of civility; it is a rustic cant, an uncreditable, ungenteel dialect, as well as unchristian, clashing both with the rules of breeding and the gospel; nor is the whole posse of bullies able to ennoble it. I know they sling a veil on these expressions,—Damn ye, says one, and son of a whore, serve to enliven

liven a period, and to make the expression blustering. They are, says another, marks of familiarity, pure sallies of kindness, and demonstrations of friendship. No doubt to deliver over to Satan an old acquaintance, without asking his consent to the conveyance, is freedom with a vengeance; but at which end of the compliment is his kindness? What provision will these blades make for their enemies, if they place their friends so unworthily? These cobweb excuses are for ever swept away by the judgment made concerning such oaths by a young Prince; I mean Henry, son to King James the Sixth of Scotland, and First of England, when Prince of Wales. This Prince being once hunting the stag, a butcher's dog chanced to kill the stag, and spoil the sport; which the Prince not resenting, the huntsmen and company, to incense him against the butcher, told him, if the King his father had been served so, he would have sworn so as no man could have endured it. 'Away,' said the Prince; all the pleasure in the world 'is not worth an oath.'

I have read a story, says my author, of some distinguished Bishop, that was going across the parade in St James's Park, when a party of the guards were under arms; he observed the officer who exercised them to swear extravagantly. Whereupon going up to him, 'Sir, said he, I am no soldier, and therefore cannot tell how far oaths are a necessary qualification in that character; but, if you can do your business without swearing, let
' me

‘ me intreat you to refrain.’ The reproof, it is said, had its immediate effects.

A famous Instance of Brotherly Love.

SERJEANT Glanville was a second son only : His father intended to settle the fair estate of which he was proprietor, on his eldest son ; but he being a vicious young man, and there appearing no hopes of his recovery, he settled it on the Serjeant, his second son. Upon the father's death, his eldest son finding that what he had before looked upon as the threatnings of an angry father, was now too certain, became melancholy ; and that by degrees wrought so great a change on him, that what his father could not prevail in, while he lived, was now effected by the severity of his last will ; so that it was now too late for him to change, in hopes of an estate that was gone from him. But his brother observing the reality of the change, resolved within himself what to do : So he called him, with many of his friends together, to a feast : And after other dishes had been served up to dinner, he ordered one that was covered to be set before his brother, and desired him to uncover it ; which he doing, the company was surprised to find it full of writings : So he told them, that he was now to do what he was sure his father would have done, if he had lived to see that happy change which they now all saw

in his brother ; and therefore he freely restored to him the whole estate.

A famous Instance of Rage calmed.

KIN Kong, King of Tsi in China, had a fine horse which he loved ; and this horse died by the fault of the groom. The Prince being in great rage, snatched a lance, and was going to run him through ; but Yen Ts, his minister, diverted the blow ; and instantly addressing himself to the Prince : Sir, said he, that man was very near being dead, before he knew the heinousness of his crime. I consent, answered the King, that you make him sensible of it. Then Yen Tse taking the lance, and aiming it at the criminal, Wretch, said he to him, attentively hear your crimes, which are as follow :—First, You have been the cause of the death of a horse, which your Prince committed to your special care ; thereby you deserve death. In the second place, you have been the cause why my Prince (because you have lost his horse) has fallen into such a passion, that he would kill you with his own hand : Behold ! a second capital crime, more grievous than the first. Lastly, all the Princes, and all the neighbouring states, will thereby know, that my Prince wants to take away a man's life to revenge the death of a horse ; and thus his reputation is ruined. And you, wretch, you have been the occasion of all those consequences. Do

you

‘you rightly conceive your faults?’ ‘Let him go, let him go, replied the Prince, don’t let me break in upon my goodness. I pardon him.’

An Instance of the Vanity of worldly Things.

A Certain rich covetous Bonza had made a collection of a great many jewels, which he watched very narrowly. Another Bonza, older than him, begged that he would suffer him to see them: And after he had looked at them for some time, ‘I thank you,’ said he, for your jewels.’ ‘Why thank me?’ answers the other; ‘I did not give you them.’ ‘But I had the pleasure to see them,’ replied the guest; and that is all the advantage you reap from them, except the trouble of watching them. The difference is but small, ‘I don’t envy you.’

Another Example of the same.

LEWIS XI. King of France, asking a man of mean condition, who followed the court, and did not know the King, ‘How much he earned?’ ‘I earn as much as the King,’ answered the man; for both he and I live at God’s charge; and when we shall both depart this life, he will carry away no more than I shall.’

Avarice

Avarice is insatiable.

DR Baſtwick, who wrote againſt the independents and ſectaries in the year 1646, relates the following ſtory upon his own knowledge:—‘ I being one day, ſays he, ſome
‘ twenty years ſince, that is about the year
‘ 1626, at a great feaſt, in a doctor of phyſic’s
‘ houſe in London; he, in a merry way, re-
‘ lated to his gueſts how poor he came into
‘ the city; profeſſing unto them all, that he
‘ was not worth fix pounds in the world,
‘ books and all, at his firſt coming; and that
‘ being entertained in the family of one of
‘ Queen Elizabeth’s doctors of phyſic to her
‘ perſon, for to teach his children, he ſo pleaſed
‘ the humour of the doctor, that he let him
‘ have the uſe of his library, and communi-
‘ cated unto him the way of his practice, and
‘ gave him many excellent receipts: And, he
‘ remaining with him ſome five years, it pleaſed
‘ God to take away the doctor: And his apo-
‘ thecary taking a very great liking to him,
‘ perſuaded him now to practice phyſic in his
‘ place; wiſhing him withal to take ſome con-
‘ venient houſe by him, promiſing to further
‘ him what he could; ſaying moreover, that
‘ he doubted not, but, by the praiſe and good
‘ report he would give of him, to cauſe all
‘ thoſe noble perſons that were the doctor’s
‘ patients, to make uſe of him: And he would
‘ do all this, upon condition that he ſhould uſe
‘ no other apothecary but himſelf. To which
‘ the doctor willingly condeſcended. Where-
‘ upon

' upon the apothecary so bestirred himself, that
 ' he made good his promise, and brought him
 ' into the greatest practice of any phylician in
 ' London. But, said he, when I began first
 ' to practise, being very poor, I thought with
 ' myself, that if I could with all my pains and
 ' industry get but one hundred pounds a-year,
 ' to live upon when I am old, or leave to my
 ' family, I would never aspire to greater riches:
 ' And truly, said he, within the space of one
 ' I got above two thousand pounds, and pur-
 ' chased an hundred pounds a-year: And then
 ' I thought with myself, if I could but make
 ' it up two hundred, I would rest contented
 ' without any farther ambition; and I, within
 ' less than one year's space, made it up two
 ' hundred pounds per annum: And then I
 ' thought, if I could but make it up five hun-
 ' dred pounds a-year, I would never desire any
 ' more; and within a few years, said he, I
 ' made it up five hundred pounds a-year: And
 ' then I thought with myself, if I could now
 ' but make it a thousand pounds a-year, I
 ' would then be content; and within a few
 ' years I had my desire: And then I thought
 ' with myself, if I could make it up two
 ' thousand pounds a-year, I would never de-
 ' sire any more wealth; and before I was fifty
 ' years of age, I had, said he, purchased two
 ' thousand pounds a-year: And then I thought
 ' with myself, if I could make it but three
 ' thousand pounds a-year, I would then go
 ' and build hospitals, and rest abundantly sa-
 ' tisfied; and truly, said he, within a few
 P years,

‘ years, I made it up above three thousand
 ‘ pounds by the year : And, by my troth, said
 ‘ he, I am now as covetous as ever I was.’

Of the Delusion of Witchcraft.

GASSENDI, the philosopher, in a village where he usually retired to recreate himself after the fatigue of study, perceived a croud of peasants conducting a shepherd tied and bound. Curiosity made him enquire, what this man, whom they were carrying to prison, had done? ‘ Sir, answered one of them, he is ‘ a forcerer ; we have arrested him, and are ‘ now going to deliver him up to justice.’ The word forcerer awaked Gassendi’s philosophical ideas. It was an agreeable pleasure to him, to have an opportunity to examine, by himself, the fables which are told of those impostors. He ordered the peasants to conduct the prisoner to his house, and to leave him under his charge. As he had great authority over the people of this village, they made no difficulty to obey.

‘ Friend, said he to the forcerer, when they
 ‘ were by themselves, thou must tell me plain-
 ‘ ly, if thou hast any compact with the Devil ?
 ‘ If thou wilt confess thy crime, I will set
 ‘ thee at liberty ; but if thou art obstinately
 ‘ silent, I will deliver thee up to the Sheriff.’

‘ Sir, answered the shepherd, I confess that
 ‘ I go every day to the nightly meetings of
 ‘ the forcerers. One of my friends gave me
 the

‘ balm which is to be swallowed down ; and
 ‘ I have been of the society for near three
 ‘ years.’

Gassendi informed himself particularly of the reception of the pretended magician, who spoke of all the demons as if he had been amongst them all his life. ‘ Now, says Gassendi, thou must shew me the drug which thou takest to go to the infernal assembly ; for I resolve this evening to accompany thee.’

‘ That depends on you, answered the shepherd ; if you incline, I will conduct you immediately after the clock strikes twelve.’

When the hour approached, ‘ Come, says Gassendi, it is now time to prepare for our departure.’ The magician pulled a box out of his pocket, in which was a sort of opiate. He took out about the bigness of a nut for himself, and gave the same quantity to the philosopher, desiring him to swallow it, and lie down under the chimney, assuring him, that, in a little time, a demon would appear, under the form of a cat, and transport him to the convention, these being the usual horses which the forcerers mounted. Gassendi having received the ointment, pretended that he could not take it till it was wrapt up in something ; so he went into a closet, took a little bit of preserves out of a pot, covered it with a wafer, and, returning, told the shepherd, that he was now ready to follow him. ‘ Let us stretch ourselves on the floor, answered the magician, and in that attitude take our balm.’ No sooner said than done. The philosopher

swallowed the sweet-meats, and the forcerer his usual drug. In a few minutes he appeared like one stupified, or mortally drunk, and at last fell asleep; during which he uttered a thousand extravagant things, conversing with all the devils, and his comrades, whom he supposed to be magicians like himself. After four or five hours sleep he awoke, and found himself in the same place where he had taken his drug.

‘ Well, said he to Gassendi, you ought to be satisfied with the manner the goat received you. To have been admitted, the first day of your reception, to kiss his posterior, is no small honour.’ After which he recounted a great many extravagant things about their pretended meetings.

Gassendi, touched with the state of this poor wretch, undeceived him, by causing a dog, in his presence, to swallow the balm, which made him very soon fall asleep. The shepherd was set at liberty, and probably undeceived his brethren, who believed the same impostures.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE of the late EARL of ROSS.

THE late Earl of Ross was in character and disposition like the humorous Earl of Rochester. He had an infinite fund of wit, great spirits; was fond of all the vices which the *Beau Monde* call pleasures, and by that means first impaired his fortune as much as he possibly could; and finally, his health beyond repair.

The poor Earl having led this life till it brought him to death's door, the Rev. Dean Madden, a man of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his Lordship was given over, thought it his duty to write him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his past life; the particulars of which he mentioned, such as whoring, gaming, drinking, rioting, blaspheming his Maker, and, in short, all manner of wickedness, exhorting him in the tenderest manner, to employ the few moments that yet remained to him, in penitently confessing his manifold transgressions, and soliciting his pardon from an offended Deity, before whom he was shortly to appear.

It is proper to acquaint the reader, that the late Earl of Kildare was one of the most pious noblemen of the age, and, in every respect, a contrast in character to Lord Ross. When the latter, who retained his senses to the last moment, and died rather for want of breath, than want of spirits, read over the Dean's letter (which came to him under cover) he ordered it to be put in another paper, sealed up,

and directed to the Earl of Kildare ; he likewise prevailed on the Dean's servant to carry it, and to say it came from his master, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and his knowing nothing of the contents. Lord Kildare was an effeminate, puny, little man, extremely formal and delicate, insomuch that, when he was married to Lady Mary O'Brien, one of the most shining beauties then in the world, he would not take his wedding gloves off when he went to bed. From this single instance, it may be judged with what surprize and indignation he read over the Dean's letter, containing so many accusations for crimes he knew himself entirely innocent of. He first ran to his lady, and informed her that Dean Madden was actually mad ; to prove which, he delivered her the epistle he had just received. Her ladyship was as much confounded and amazed at it, as he could possibly be ; but withal observed, that the letter was not written in the stile of a madman, and advised him to go to the Archbishop of Dublin about it ; accordingly his Lordship ordered his coach, and went to the Episcopal Palace, where he found his Grace at home, and immediately accosted him in this manner :—" Pray, my Lord, did you ever hear that I was a blasphemer, a whoremonger, a rioter, and every thing that is base and infamous." " You, my Lord, said the Bishop, every one knows is the pattern of humility, godliness, and virtue." " Well, my Lord, what satisfaction can I have of a reverend divine, who, under his own hand, lays

lays all this to my charge." " Surely, answered his Grace, no man in his senses, that knows your Lordship, would presume to do it : And if any clergyman has been guilty of such an offence, your Lordship will have satisfaction from the spiritual court." Upon this Lord Kildare delivered his Grace the letter, which he told him was delivered by the Dean's servant, and which both the Archbishop and the Earl knew to be the Dean's own hand-writing. The Archbishop immediately sent for the Dean, who, happening to be at home, instantly obeyed the summons ; before he entered the room, he advised Lord Kildare to walk into another apartment, which his Lordship accordingly did. When the Dean entered, his Grace looking very sternly, demanded if he had written that letter. The Dean answered, " I did, my Lord." " Mr Dean, returned the prelate, I always thought you a man of sense and prudence, but this unguarded action must lessen you in the esteem of all good men. To throw out so many causeless invectives against the most unblemished nobleman in Europe, and accuse him of crimes to which he and his family have ever been strangers, must certainly be the effect of a distempered brain ; besides, Sir, you have by this means laid yourself open to a prosecution, which will oblige you either publicly to retract what you have said, or to suffer the consequence." " My Lord, answered the Dean, I never think, act, or write any thing, for which I am afraid to be called to an account, before any tribunal on earth ; and,

if

if I am to be prosecuted for discharging the duties of my function, I will suffer patiently the severest penalties in justification of it." And, so saying, the Dean retired with some emotion, and left the two noblemen as much in the dark as ever. Lord Kildare went home, and sent for a proctor, to whom he communicated the Dean's letter, and ordered a citation to be sent to him as soon as possible: In the mean time, the Archbishop, who knew the Dean had a family to provide for, and foresaw that ruin must attend his entering into a suit with so powerful a person, went to his house, and recommended to him to ask my Lord's pardon before the matter became public. "Ask his pardon! said the Dean, why, the man's dead." "Lord Kildare dead!" "No, Lord Ross." "Good God! said the Archbishop, did you not send a letter yesterday to Lord Kildare?" "No, truly, my Lord, but I sent one to the unhappy Earl of Ross, who was then given over, and I thought it my duty to write to him in the manner I did." Upon examining the servant, the whole was rectified, and the Dean saw with great regret, that Lord Ross died as he had lived; nor did he continue in this life above four hours after he sent off the letter.

The footman lost his place by the jest, and was, indeed, the only sufferer for my Lord's last piece of humour.

The

The PROGRESS of HUMAN LIFE.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely
players;

They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts :
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

And then the whining school-boy, with his
satchel,

And thinning morning-face, creeping like snails
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel ;
Seeking the bubble reputation

Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the
justice,

In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His useful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,

Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every
thing.

MILTON's

MILTON'S MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious work, Parent of good !

Almighty ! thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair ! thyself how wond'rous
then !

Unspeakable ! who sitt'st above these heav'ns,
To us invisible, or dimly seen

In these thy lowliest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r
divine.

Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in heav'n,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end,
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'd the smiling
morn

With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.

Thou sun of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when
thou fall'st.

Moon that now meets the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies ;
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.

Air,

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Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
 And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless
 change

Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or streaming lake, dusky or grey,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters
 blow,

Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With ev'ry plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices all ye living souls ; ye birds,
 That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
 To give us only good ; and if the night
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

A DESCRIPTION of LONDON.

HOUSES, churches mix'd together,
 Streets unpleasant in all weather ;
 Prisons, palaces contiguous,
 Bridges three, and Thames irriguous.

Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
 Shewy outfides, insides empty ;
 Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
 Coaches, wheel-barrows, and carts.

Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid ;
 Lords of laundresses afraid ;
 Rogues, that nightly rob and cheat men,
 Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen,

Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians ;
 Noble, simple, all conditions ;
 Worth beneath a thread-bare cover ;
 Villainy—bedaub'd all over.

Women, black, red, fair, and grey ;
 Prudes, and such as never pray ;
 Handsome, ugly, noisy, still ;
 Some that will not, some that will.

Many a beau without a shilling ;
 Many a widow not unwilling ;
 Many a bargain, if you strike it ;
 This is London—how d'ye like it.

A TALE of a TUB.

THE Wakefield Vicar's verses shew,
 To all who mark his song,
 Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long.

A scrip with vegetables fill'd,
 A mat thereon to rest ;
 A cell, a garden half untill'd,
 May make a man full blest.

If then a cell content can give,
 While through this life we rub,
 Why may not we contented live,
 And happy in a tub ?

The more conveniences of life
 'Tis in our pow'r to find,
 The more we want ; the less, less strife
 Attends the human mind.

The Indian, on Ontario's coasts
 From wealth small aid receives,
 With tomahawk and gun, he boasts,
 In Liberty he lives.

His faithful squaw attends him still,
 With kettle at her back,
 When hungry he a deer can kill,
 When thirsty drink the lake.

He nor wine nor turtle dreams,
 While thro' the woods he roves ;
 And richer carpets to him seems,
 The verdure of the groves.

Q

Why

Why then should we endeavour, say,
 Our wants and cares to increase ;
 Since to retrench them is the way
 To live in ease and peace ?

No, I, (nor smit with gorgeous halls,
 Nor honour kings can dub)
 The patriot's and the statesman's thralls,
 Can shun within a tub.

Let generals fond of noise and arms,
 By turns each other drub ;
 Secure, I smoke from such alarms
 My pipe, within a tub.

A close MOUTH catches no FLIES.

SLY merry Andrew, the last Southwark
 fair,
 (At Barth'lomew he did not much appear,
 Such was the edict of the peevish Mayor)
 At Southwark, therefore, as his tricks he shew'd
 To please our masters, and his friends the
 crowd,
 A huge neat's tongue he in his right-hand held,
 His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd :
 With a grave look in this odd equipage,
 The clownish mimic traverses the stage.
 Why, how now, Andrew ! cries his brother
 droll,
 To-day's conceit, methinks, is something dull :
 Come on, Sir, to our worthy friends explain,
 What does your emblematic worship mean ?
 Quoth

Quoth Andrew, honest English let us speak,
Your emblem—(what d'ye call't) is heathen
Greek.

To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence,
Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.

That busy fool I was, which thou art now,

Desirous to correct, not knowing how;

With very good design, but little wit,

Blaming or praising things as I thought fit.

I for this conduct had what I deserv'd;

And dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.

But, thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat,

Since I have found a secret to be great.

O dearest Andrew, says the humble droll,

Henceforth none but yourself shall me con-
troul,

Provided thou impart'st thy useful skill.

Bow then, says Andrew, and for once I will :—

Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he says ;

Sleep very much, think little, and talk less ;

Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong,

But eat your pudding, Slave, and hold your tongue.

A well-fed placeman stopp'd his coach and six,

To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks ;

But when he heard him give this golden rule,

Drive on (he cry'd) this fellow is no fool.

The

The GRASHOPPER.

*Being an Ode of Anacreon's, paraphrastically
translated by Mr Cowley.*

HAPPY insect, what can be
In happiness compar'd to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine;
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All that summer-hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plow,
Farmer he, and Landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently enjoy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
The country-hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy fire.
To thee of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know!

But

But when thou'ft drunk, and danc'd, and fung
 Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,
 (Voluptuous and wife withal,
 Epicurean Animal!)
 Sated with thy summer-feaft,
 Thou retir'ft to endless reft.

The Dying Father's Advice to his Children.

KEEP always God before your eyes,
 With all your whole intent;
 Commit no fin in any wife,
 Keep his commandment.

Abhor that arrant whore of Rome,
 And all her blasphemies;
 And drink not, of her cursed cup,
 Obey not her decrees.

Give honour to your mother dear;
 Remember well her pain;
 And recompense her in her age
 With the like love again.

If God hath given you increase,
 And blessed well your store;
 Remember you are put in trust,
 And should relieve the poor.

Beware of foul and filthy lusts;
 Let such things have no place;
 Keep clean your vessels in the Lord,
 That he may you embrace.

Ye

Ye are the temples of the Lord,
 For you are dearly bought;
 And they that do defile the same
 Shall surely come to nought.
 Be never proud by any means,
 Build not your house too high;
 But always have before your eyes,
 That you were born to die.
 Defraud not him that hired is
 Your labour to sustain;
 And pay him still without delay,
 His wages for his pain.
 And as you wou'd another man
 Against you shou'd proceed,
 Do you the same to them again
 When they do stand in need.
 Impart your portion to the poor,
 In money and in meat;
 And send the feeble fainting soul
 Of that which you do eat.
 Ask council always of the wise,
 Give ear unto the end;
 And ne'er refuse the sweet rebuke
 Of him that is thy friend.
 Be always thankful to the Lord,
 With prayer and with praise;
 Begging of him to bless your work,
 And to direct your ways.
 Seek first, I say, the living God,
 And always him adore;
 And then be sure that he will bless
 Your basket and your store.

And:

And I beseech Almighty God
 Replenish you with grace,
 That I may meet you in the heav'ns,
 And see you face to face.

For I do hope that when the heav'ns
 Shall vanish like a scrowl,
 I shall see you in perfect shape,
 In body and in soul.

And that I may enjoy your love,
 And you enjoy the land,
 I do beseech the living Lord
 To hold you in his hand.

What though this carcase smart a while,
 What though this life decay,
 My soul, I hope, will be with God,
 And live with him for aye.

S O N G.

THYRSIS, a young and am'rous swain,
 Saw too, the beauties of the plain;
 Who both his heart subdue:
 Gay Cælia's eyes were dazzling fair,
 Sabina's easy shape and air
 With softer magic drew.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,
 Lives in a fond romance of love,
 And seems for each to die;
 'Till each a little spiteful grown,
 Sabina Cælia's shape ran down,
 And she Sabina's eye.

Their

Their envy made the shepherd find
 Those eyes, which love could only blind ;
 So set the lover free ;
 No more he haunts the grove or stream,
 Or with a true love-knot and name
 Engraves a wounded tree.

Ah Cælia ! (sly Sabina cry'd)
 Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd ;
 Now to support the sex's pride,
 Let either fix the dart :
 Poor girl ! (says Cælia) say no more ;
 For should the swain but one adore,
 That spite which broke his chains before,
 Would break the other's heart.



F I N I S.



